DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

WORKS

OF

ROBERT HERRICK

VOL. II.

The Muses' Library

ROBERT HERRICK

THE HESPERIDES AND NOBLE NUMBERS

EDITED BY

ALFRED POLLARD

WITH A PREFACE BY

A. C. SWINBURNE

VOL. II

REVISED EDITION

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

HESPERIDES.

569. A HYMN TO THE GRACES.

WHEN I love (as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old),
O ye Graces! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my rooms, as temples be,
T' entertain that deity.
Give me words wherewith to woo,
Suppling and successful too;
Winning postures, and, withal,
Manners each way musical:
Sweetness to allay my sour
And unsmooth behaviour.
For I know you have the skill
Vines to prune, though not to kill,
And of any wood ye see,
You can make a Mercury.

Suppling, softening.
Mercury, god of eloquence and inventor of the lyre.

570. TO SILVIA.

No more, my Silvia, do I mean to pray
For those good days that ne'er will come away.
I want belief; O gentle Silvia, be
The patient saint, and send up vows for me.

573. THE POET HATH LOST HIS PIPE.

I CANNOT pipe as I was wont to do,
Broke is my reed, hoarse is my singing, too;
My wearied oat I'll hang upon the tree,
And give it to the sylvan deity.

574. TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILT thou my true friend be?
Then love not mine, but me.

575. THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING HIM TO ELYSIUM.

Desunt nonnulla ——

COME then, and like two doves with silv'ry wings,
Let our souls fly to th' shades where ever springs
Sit smiling in the meads; where balm and oil,
Roses and cassia crown the untill'd soil.
Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but ambergris and gums
This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire,

More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire,
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears;
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew
Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.
Here, naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commixed they meet, with endless roses crown'd.
And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be
Two loving followers, too, unto the grove
Where poets sing the stories of our love.
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander; then I'll bring
Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odysseys and his high Iliads;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue:
To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,

Purfling, trimming, embroidering.
Round, rustic dance.

Like to his subject; and as his frantic
Looks show him truly Bacchanalian-like
Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply
With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Persius, these, and those, whom rage
(Dropt for the jars of heaven) fill'd t' engage
All times unto their frenzies,—thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theatre.
Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays
And flatt'ring ivy, two recite their plays—
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like syrens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne; and still more for thee
There yet remains to know than thou can'st see
By glim'ring of a fancy. Do but come,
And there I'll show thee that capacious room
In which thy father Jonson now is plac'd,
As in a globe of radiant fire, and grac'd
To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude,

Comply, encircle.

Their Evadne, the sister of Melantius in their play "The Maid's Tragedy".

And he one chief; but hark, I hear the cock
(The bellman of the night) proclaim the clock
Of late struck one, and now I see the prime
Of day break from the pregnant east: 'tis time
I vanish; more I had to say,
But night determines here, away.

576. LIFE IS THE BODY'S LIGHT.

LIFE is the body's light, which once declining,
Those crimson clouds i' th' cheek and lips leave shining.
Those counter-changed tabbies in the air
(The sun once set) all of one colour are.
So, when Death comes, fresh tinctures lose their place,
And dismal darkness then doth smutch the face.

579. LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET fair or foul my mistress be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me;
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it;
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is every thing from her;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

Tabbies, shot silks.

580. THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your ears:
The sweets of love are mix'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending (yet it doth not break)?
I will answer: These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

581. THE TITHE. TO THE BRIDE.

If nine times you your bridegroom kiss,
The tenth you know the parson's is.
Pay then your tithe, and doing thus,
Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir John
Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

582. A FROLIC.

Bring me my rosebuds, drawer, come;
So, while I thus sit crown'd,
I'll drink the aged Cæcubum,
Until the roof turn round.

Sir John, the parson.
Drawer, waiter.
Cæcubum, Cæcuban, an old Roman wine.

583. CHANGE COMMON TO ALL.

ALL things subjected are to fate;
Whom this morn sees most fortunate,
The evening sees in poor estate.

584. TO JULIA.

THE saints'-bell calls, and, Julia, I must read
The proper lessons for the saints now dead:
To grace which service, Julia, there shall be
One holy collect said or sung for thee.
Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have
A trentall sung by virgins o'er thy grave:
Meantime we two will sing the dirge of these,
Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

585. NO LUCK IN LOVE.

I DO love I know not what,
Sometimes this and sometimes that;
All conditions I aim at.

But, as luckless, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met
To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore now I'll love no more
As I've doted heretofore:
He who must be, shall be poor.

Trentall, a service for the dead.

586. IN THE DARK NONE DAINTY.

NIGHT hides our thefts, all faults then pardon'd be;
All are alike fair when no spots we see.
Lais and Lucrece in the night-time are
Pleasing alike, alike both singular:
Joan and my lady have at that time one,
One and the self-same priz'd complexion:
Then please alike the pewter and the plate,
The chosen ruby, and the reprobate.

587. A CHARM, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE

IF so be a toad be laid
In a sheep's-skin newly flay'd,
And that tied to man, 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever.

590. TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN WINGFIELD.

FOR being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me;
For so decreeing that thy clothes' expense
Keeps still within a just circumference;
Then for contriving so to load thy board
As that the messes ne'er o'erlade the lord;

Lais and Lucrece, opposite types of incontinence and purity. Cp. 665, 885.

Consonant, harmonious.

Next for ordaining that thy words not swell
To any one unsober syllable:
These I could praise thee for beyond another,
Wert thou a Winstfield only, not a brother.

591. THE HEADACHE.

My head doth ache,
O Sappho! take
Thy fillet,
And bind the pain,
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But less that part
Than my poor heart
Now is sick;
One kiss from thee
Will counsel be
And physic.

592. ON HIMSELF.

Live by thy muse thou shalt, when others die
Leaving no fame to long posterity:
When monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone,
Here shall endure thy vast dominion.

593. UPON A MAID.

Hence a blessed soul is fled,
Leaving here the body dead;
Which since here they can't combine,
For the saint we'll keep the shrine.

596. UPON THE TROUBLESOME TIMES.

O TIMES most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where shall I go,
Or whither run
To shun
This public overthrow?

No places are,
This I am sure,
Secure
In this our wasting war.

Some storms we've past,
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

597. CRUELTY BASE IN COMMANDERS.

NOTHING can be more loathsome than to see
Power conjoin'd with Nature's cruelty.

599. UPON LUCIA.

I ASK'D my Lucia but a kiss,
And she with scorn denied me this;
Say then, how ill should I have sped,
Had I then ask'd her maidenhead?

600. LITTLE AND LOUD.

LITTLE you are, for woman's sake be proud;
For my sake next, though little, be not loud.

601. SHIPWRECK.

HE who has suffered shipwreck fears to sail
Upon the seas, though with a gentle gale.

602. PAINS WITHOUT PROFIT.

A LONG life's-day I've taken pains
For very little, or no gains;
The evening's come, here now I'll stop,
And work no more, but shut up shop.

603. TO HIS BOOK.

BE bold, my book, nor be abash'd, or fear
The cutting thumb-nail or the brow severe;
But by the Muses swear all here is good,
If but well read, or, ill read, understood.

604. HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have pray'd thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar,
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

605. POVERTY AND RICHES

GIVE Want her welcome if she comes; we find
Riches to be but burdens to the mind.

606. AGAIN.

WHO with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

607. THE COVETOUS STILL CAPTIVES.

LET'S live with that small pittance that we have;
Who covets more, is evermore a slave.

608. LAWS.

WHEN laws full power have to sway, we see
Little or no part there of tyranny.

609. OF LOVE.

I'LL get me hence,
Because no fence
Or fort that I can make here,
But love by charms,
Or else by arms
Will storm, or starving take here.

611. TO HIS MUSE.

Go woo young Charles no more to look
Than but to read this in my book:
How Herrick begs, if that he can-
Not like the muse, to love the man,
Who by the shepherds sung, long since,
The star-led birth of Charles the Prince.

612. THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD.

DULL to myself, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;
Lost to all music now, since everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to the heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did reign;

Long since, i.e., in the "Pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles" (213), where see Note.

If smooth and unperplexed the seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria lived here:
I should delight to have my curls half drown'd
In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crown'd;
And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

613. TO VULCAN.

THY sooty godhead I desire
Still to be ready with thy fire;
That should my book despised be,
Acceptance it might find of thee.

614. LIKE PATTERN, LIKE PEOPLE.

This is the height of justice: that to do
Thyself which thou put'st other men unto.
As great men lead, the meaner follow on,
Or to the good, or evil action.

615. PURPOSES.

No wrath of men or rage of seas
Can shake a just man's purposes:
No threats of tyrants or the grim
Visage of them can alter him;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end.

Knock at a star (sublimi feriam sidera vertice). Horace Ode, i. 1.

616. TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD.

COME, sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'll venture, if we can, at wit:
If not, at draw-gloves we will play;
So spend some minutes of the day:
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at Questions and Commands:
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talk, but tell
No cruel truths of Philomel,
Or Phyllis, whom hard fate forc'd on
To kill herself for Demophon.
But fables we'll relate: how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love;
As now a satyr, then a swan;
A bull but then, and now a man.
Next we will act how young men woo,
And sigh, and kiss as lovers do;
And talk of brides, and who shall make
That wedding-smock, this bridal cake,
That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken columbine.
This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy

Draw-gloves, talking on the fingers.

Philomela, daughter of Pandion, changed into a nightingale.

Phyllis, the S. Phyllis of a former lyric (To Groves).

And gild the bays and rosemary;
What posies for our wedding rings;
What gloves we'll give and ribandings:
And smiling at ourselves, decree,
Who then the joining priest shall be.
What short, sweet prayers shall be said;
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lilies, not of kine,
And maiden's-blush, for spiced wine.
Thus, having talked, we'll next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'll end.

617. HIS OWN EPITAPH.

As wearied pilgrims, once possest
Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest,
So I, now having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staff and stay.
Youth, I confess, hath me misled;
But age hath brought me right to bed.

618. A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESS ELIZABETH LEE, NOW LADY TRACY.

SPRING with the lark, most comely bride, and meet
Your eager bridegroom with auspicious feet.
The morn's far spent, and the immortal sun
Corals his cheek to see those rites not done.

Gild the bays, see Note to 479.
Button'd, knobbed.
Corals, reddens.

Fie, lovely maid! indeed you are too slow,
When to the temple Love should run, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed;
Then feast, and coy't a little, then to bed.
This day is Love's day, and this busy night
Is yours, in which you challenged are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easy foe,
As will, if you yield, lie down conquer'd too.
The field is pitch'd, but such must be your wars,
As that your kisses must outvie the stars.
Fall down together vanquished both, and lie
Drown'd in the blood of rubies there, not die.

619. THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber:
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet
My soul I'll pour into thee.

620. TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

GIVE me wine, and give me meat,
To create in me a heat,
That my pulses high may beat.

Cold and hunger never yet
Could a noble verse beget;
But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight, and try
In a minute's space how I
Can run mad and prophesy.

Then, if any piece prove new
And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
It was full inspired by you.

621. GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

IF well the dice run, let's applaud the cast:
The happy fortune will not always last.

622. A KISS.

WHAT is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure, sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.

623. GLORY.

I MAKE no haste to have my numbers read:
Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

624. POETS.

WANTONS we are, and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.

625. NO DESPITE TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living, not the dead:
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

626. TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye, my poor orphans, do
When I must leave the world and you?
Who'll give ye then a sheltering shed,
Or credit ye when I am dead?
Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit
Already coin'd to pay for it?
I cannot tell, unless there be
Some race of old humanity
Left, of the large heart and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmorland,
Or gallant Newark, which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not, expect to be no less
Ill us'd, than babes left fatherless.

Westmorland, *Newark*, see Notes.

627. HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws near
That with my lines my life must full-stop here.
Cut off thy hairs, and let thy tears be shed
Over my turf when I am buried.
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
Or other rites that do belong to me;
As love shall help thee, when thou dost go hence
Unto thy everlasting residence.

628. UPON LOVE.

IN a dream, Love bade me go
To the galleys there to row;
In the vision I ask'd why?
Love as briefly did reply,
'Twas better there to toil, than prove
The turmoils they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too-too true;
Henceforth therefore I will be,
As from love, from trouble free.
None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warn'd before, would not beware.

629. THE COBBLERS' CATCH.

COME sit we by the fire's side,
And roundly drink we here;
Till that we see our cheeks ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with beer.

Effusions, the "due drink-offerings" of the lyric "To his lovely mistresses" (634).

633. CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES AT WEDDINGS.

Chorus Sacerdotum. FROM the temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come!
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joys to join with them.

Chorus Juvenum. Happy Day,
Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere;
But give thy place to Night,
That she,
As thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care
To see the younglings wed,
'Tis fit that Night the pair
Should see safe brought to bed.

Chorus Senum. Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite.
Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed
To such a height, but never surfeited.
What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
'Tis best to feed Love, but not overfill;
Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure,
And this remember, *virtue keeps the measure.*

Nice, dainty.

Chorus Virginum. Lucky signs we have descri'd
To encourage on the bride,
And to these we have espi'd,
Not a kissing Cupid flies
Here about, but has his eyes
To imply your love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum. Here we present a fleece
To make a piece
Of cloth;
Nor, fair, must you be loth
Your finger to apply
To housewifery.
Then, then begin
To spin:
And, sweetling, mark you, what a web will come
Into your chests, drawn by your painful thumb.

Chorus Matronarum. Set you to your wheel, and wax
Rich by the ductile wool and flax.
Yarn is an income, and the housewives' thread
The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

Chorus Senum. Let wealth come in by comely thrift
And not by any sordid shift;
'Tis haste
Makes waste:
Extremes have still their fault:

Painful, painstaking; for the passage cp. Catull. *Nupt. Pel. et Thet.* 311-314.

The softest fire makes the sweetest malt:
Who grips too hard the dry and slippery sand
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum. Goddess of pleasure, youth and peace,
Give them the blessing of increase:
And thou, Lucina, that dost hear
The vows of those that children bear:
Whenas her April hour draws near,
Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum. Far hence be all speech that may anger move:
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

Chorus Omnium. Live in the love of doves, and having told
The raven's years, go hence more ripe than old.

634. TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.

ONE night i' th' year, my dearest beauties, come
And bring those due drink-offerings to my tomb
When thence ye see my reverend ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effused sacrifice:
Though paleness be the livery that I wear,
Look ye not wan or colourless for fear.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once show
The least grim look, or cast a frown on you:
Nor shall the tapers when I'm there burn blue.

This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
Cast on my girls a glance and loving eye,
Or fold mine arms and sigh, because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it you the most.
Than these, no fears more on your fancies fall,
Though then I smile and speak no words at all.

635. UPON LOVE.

A CRYSTAL vial Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it;
Of which who drank, he said no thought
Of love he should admit.

I, greedy of the prize, did drink,
And emptied soon the glass;
Which burnt me so, that I do think
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,
The crystal I contemn;
Which, though enchas'd with pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid! come not to
My threshold, since I see,
For all I have, or else can do,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

Fold mine arms, cp. "crossing his arms in this sad knot" (*Tempest*).

638. THE BEGGAR TO MAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.

PLEASE your Grace, from out your store,
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-sour'd in drink of souce;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip.
Give for bread a little bit
Of a pea that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuzz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needihood;
But the meal of milldust can
Well content a craving man.
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such

Mickle, much.
Souce, salt-pickle.
Huckson, huckle-bone.
Chit, sprout.
Orts, scraps of food.

Little bits that nestle there
In the prisoner's panier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon:
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

639. AN END DECREED.

LET'S be jocund while we may,
All things have an ending day;
And when once the work is done,
Fates revolve no flax they've spun.

640. UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies;
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

641. PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

Prisoner's panier, the basket which poor prisoners used to hang out of the gaol windows for alms in money or kind.

Revolve, *i.e.*, bring back.

642. FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE SPRING.

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appear
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper.
Thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring
Gives to each mead a neat enamelling.
The palms put forth their gems, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.
The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings,
With warbling notes, her Terean sufferings.
What gentle winds perspire! As if here
Never had been the northern plunderer
To strip the trees and fields, to their distress,
Leaving them to a pitied nakedness.
And look how when a frantic storm doth tear
A stubborn oak, or holm, long growing there,
But lull'd to calmness, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees:
So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine and oil,
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate frenzy off, at last,
The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace.

643. THE HAG.

THE hag is astride
This night for to ride,
The devil and she together;

Gems, buds.
Daulian minstrel, the nightingale Philomela.
Terean sufferings, i.e., at the hands of Tereus.

Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur,
With a lash of a bramble she rides now;
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dare now range the wood,
But hush'd in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

644. UPON AN OLD MAN: A RESIDENTIARY.

TREAD, sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty, bating but one year
And thrice three weeks, he lived here.

Residentiary, old inhabitant.

Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy residence.
Yet, reader, let me tell thee this,
Which from his ghost a promise is,
If here ye will some few tears shed,
He'll never haunt ye now he's dead.

645. UPON TEARS.

TEARS, though they're here below the sinner's brine,
Above they are the angels' spiced wine.

646. PHYSICIANS.

PHYSICIANS fight not against men; but these
Combat for men by conquering the disease.

647. THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR household-gods our parents be;
And manners good require that we
The first fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

649. UPON LUCY. EPIG.

SOUND teeth has Lucy, pure as pearl, and small,
With mellow lips, and luscious therewithal.

651. TO SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand
Circum-crost by thy pure hand;
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am profane.

652. TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I go hence, ye Closet-Gods, I fear
Never again to have ingression here
Where I have had whatever thing could be
Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
Could read the intext but myself alone.
About the cover of this book there went
A curious-comely clean compartlement,
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing, pretty, peeping rubelet.
But now 'tis closed; and being shut and seal'd,
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd!
Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft of sweetest marmelet.

653. A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty bowl
Up to the brim,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Circum-crost, marked round with a cross.
Ingression, entrance.
Intext, contents.

Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,
To th' number five
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

654. LONG-LOOKED-FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, years may repay the debt;
None loseth that which he in time may get.

655. TO YOUTH.

DRINK wine, and live here blitheful, while ye may:
The morrow's life too late is; live to-day.

656. NEVER TOO LATE TO DIE.

No man comes late unto that place from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

657. A HYMN TO THE MUSES.

O YOU the virgins nine!
That do our souls incline

To the number five or nine, see **Note.**
Regredience, return.

To noble discipline!
Nod to this vow of mine.
Come, then, and now inspire
My viol and my lyre
With your eternal fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your choir.
Then I'll your altars strew
With roses sweet and new;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

658. ON HIMSELF.

I'LL sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant knight.
I'll sing no more of frosts, snows, dews and showers;
No more of groves, meads, springs and wreaths of flowers.
I'll write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid and his witty cozening:
I'll sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my dirges and my trentalls have.

660. TO MOMUS.

WHO read'st this book that I have writ,
And can'st not mend but carp at it;
By all the Muses! thou shalt be
Anathema to it and me.

*Trentalls, service for the dead.

661. AMBITION.

In ways to greatness, think on this,
That slippery all ambition is.

662. THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED M. END. PORTER, GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds.
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st *'tis not th' extent*
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands

Soil'd, manured. *Compost*, preparation.

Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry and plays
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands grac'd:
Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,

Thy shearing feast which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
That's toss'd up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these, thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these,
And lying down have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt ——

663. TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,

Fox i' th' hole, a hopping game in which boys beat each other with gloves.

Cockrood, a run for snaring woodcocks.

Glade, an opening in the wood across which nets were hung to catch game. (Willoughby, *Ornithologie*, i. 3.)

Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

664. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR BARTLY.

WHEN after many lusters thou shalt be
Wrapt up in sear-cloth with thine ancestry;
When of thy ragg'd escutcheons shall be seen
So little left, as if they ne'er had been;
Thou shalt thy name have, and thy fame's best trust,
Here with the generation of my Just.

665. WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS HE WOULD HAVE.

BE the mistress of my choice
Clean in manners, clear in voice;
Be she witty more than wise,
Pure enough, though not precise;
Be she showing in her dress
Like a civil wilderness;
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect;
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by;

Luster, a period of five years.

And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment, or a snare
For to catch the lookers-on;
But herself held fast by none.
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me.
Be she such as neither will
Famish me, nor overfill.

667. THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

GROW for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be 't for my bridal or my burial.

669. UPON CRAB. EPIG.

CRAB faces gowns with sundry furs; 'tis known
He keeps the fox fur for to face his own.

670. A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE, TO HIS FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep,
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
To tire thy patient ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days pass,
Not knowing this, that Jove decrees
Some mirth t' adulce man's miseries?

Adulce, sweeten.

No; 'tis a life to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil;
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain,
Although with some, yet little, pain;
To have thy mind, and nuptial bed,
With fears and cares uncumbered;
A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride.
This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes Time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free
As is that air that circles thee,
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
No sound recalls the hours once fled,
Or roses, being withered;
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a dew or melted frost.
Then live we mirthful while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold.
Let's feast, and frolic, sing, and play,
And thus less last than live our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last;
Nor is't a life, seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well;

' *Strut*, swell.

And that we'll do, as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn
From whence there's never a return.

671. ONCE SEEN AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day pass by, which we,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

672. LOVE.

THIS axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd.

673. TO M. DENHAM ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.

OR look'd I back unto the times hence flown
To praise those Muses and dislike our own—
Or did I walk those Pæan-gardens through,
To kick the flowers and scorn their odours too—
I might, and justly, be reputed here
One nicely mad or peevishly severe.
But by Apollo! as I worship wit,
Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it;
So, I confess, 'tis somewhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excel

Pæan-gardens, gardens sacred to Apollo.
Nicely, fastidiously.

Like thee, or dare the buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian muse.
But since I'm call'd, rare Denham, to be gone,
Take from thy Herrick this conclusion:
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd poets, yet live princes under thee;
The while their wreaths and purple robes do shine
Less by their own gems than those beams of thine.

674. A HYMN TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley
And garlic chives, not scarcely;
For favours here to warm me,
And not by fire to harm me;
For gladding so my hearth here
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the wassail bowl here
With North-down ale doth troul here,
No syllable doth fall here
To mar the mirth at all here.
For which, O chimney-keepers!
(I dare not call ye sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a country table,
Great be my fare, or small cheer,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

Troul, pass round.

675. DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTENING TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne'er so goodly make it,
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

676. ADVERSITY.

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

677. TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity.
Laugh at my scraps of clothes, and shun
Me, as a fear'd infection;
Yet, scare-crow-like, I'll walk as one
Neglecting thy derision.

678. TO ANTHEA.

COME, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is;
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin half the day;
Chains of sweet bents let us make
Captive one, or both, to take:
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus, and die.

Push-pin, a childish game in which one player placed a pin and the other pushed it.

Bents, grasses.

679. CRUELTIES.

NERO commanded; but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding death and cruelties.

680. PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act? ne'er then give o'er:
No man despairs to do what's done before.

681. UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT offspring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the children I have left,
Adopted some, none got by theft;
But all are touch'd, like lawful plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

682. DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by public eyes:
State at a distance adds to dignities.

683. HEALTH.

HEALTH is no other, as the learned hold,
But a just measure both of heat and cold.

Touch'd, tested.

684. TO DIANEME. A CEREMONY IN GLOUCESTER.

I'LL to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering:
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

685. TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way! now, now my Charles shines here
A public light, in this immensive sphere;
Some stars were fix'd before, but these are dim
Compar'd, in this my ample orb, to him.
Draw in your feeble fires, while that he
Appears but in his meaner majesty.
Where, if such glory flashes from his name,
Which is his shade, who can abide his flame!
Princes, and such like public lights as these,
Must not be look'd on but at distances:
For, if we gaze on these brave lamps too near,
Our eyes they'll blind, or if not blind, they'll blear.

Simnel, a cake, originally made of fine flour, eaten at Mid-Lent.

A-mothering, visiting relations in Mid-Lent, but see Note.

Immensive, immeasurable.

686. THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE rose was sick, and smiling died;
And, being to be sanctified,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet and flowery sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemn fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred dirge and trentall sung.
But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead
And rites were all accomplished,
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom
And clos'd her up, as in a tomb.

687. THE RAINBOW, OR CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain;
And as they thus did entertain
The gentle beams from Julia's sight
To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
O thing admir'd! there did appear
A curious rainbow smiling there;
Which was the covenant that she
No more would drown mine eyes or me.

Trentall, a service for the dead.

688. THE LAST STROKE STRIKES SURE.

THOUGH by well warding many blows we've pass'd,
That stroke most fear'd is which is struck the last.

689. FORTUNE.

FORTUNE'S a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

690. STOOL-BALL.

AT stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar-cakes and wine:
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss, or thine, or mine.

If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
Then I desire but this:
That likewise I may pay the bet
And have for all a kiss.

Stool-ball, a game of ball played by girls.
Tansy, a cake made of eggs, cream, and herbs.

691. TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time and play,
Love, and live here while we may;
Drink rich wine, and make good cheer,
While we have our being here;
For once dead and laid i' th' grave,
No return from thence we have.

692. ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

PRAT he writes satires, but herein's the fault,
In no one satire there's a mite of salt.

693. UPON TUCK. EPIG.

AT post and pair, or slam, Tom Tuck would play
This Christmas, but his want wherewith says nay.

694. BITING OF BEGGARS.

WHO, railing, drives the lazar from his door,
Instead of alms, sets dogs upon the poor.

695. THE MAY-POLE.

THE May-pole is up!
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;

Post and pair, or slam, old games of cards. Ben Jonson calls the former a "thrifty and right worshipful game".

But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girls,
Whose husbands may earls
Or lords be, granting my wishes,
And when that ye wed
To the bridal bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

696. MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESS.

THAT flow of gallants which approach
To kiss thy hand from out the coach;
That fleet of lackeys which do run
Before thy swift postillion;
Those strong-hoof'd mules which we behold
Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axletree.
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian looms and antique plate;
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

697. ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY hurts none, but only such
Whom whitest fortune dandled has too much.

698. WANT.

NEED is no vice at all, though here it be
With men a loathed inconveniency.

699. GRIEF.

SORROWS divided amongst many, less
Discruciate a man in deep distress.

700. LOVE PALPABLE.

I PRESS'D my Julia's lips, and in the kiss
Her soul and love were palpable in this.

701. NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

NOTHING hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

702. MEAN THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

BY the weak'st means things mighty are o'erthrown
He's lord of thy life who contemns his own.

705. THE BRACELET OF PEARL: TO SILVIA.

I BRAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will,
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

Discruciate, torture.

One gem was lost, and I will get
A richer pearl for thee,
Than ever, dearest Silvia, yet
Was drunk to Antony.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do;
First crack the strings, and after that
Cleave thou my heart in two.

706. HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danc'd among
The gods he down the nectar flung,
Which on the white rose being shed
Made it for ever after red.

707. KINGS.

Men are not born kings, but are men renown'd;
Chose first, confirm'd next, and at last are crown'd.

708. FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

Preposterous is that order, when we run
To ask our wages ere our work be done.

709. TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Knew'st thou one month would take thy life away,
Thou'dst weep; but laugh, should it not last a day.

Preposterous, lit. hind part before.

710. GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is, Tully says,
Than a man's frequent fame spoke out with praise.

711. POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by war.

713. HIS RETURN TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravish'd in spirit I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, bless'd place of my nativity!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, year by year.
O place! O people! Manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer, then,
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since call'd back; henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee!
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred relics burial.

714. NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day that I
Fitted am to prophesy;
No; but when the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles
Full of fire, then I write
As the godhead doth indite.
Thus enrag'd, my lines are hurled
Like the Sybil's, through the world.
Look how next the holy fire
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the fancy cools, till when
That brave spirit comes again.

715. POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortal men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

716. A BUCOLIC, OR DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.

1. Come, blitheful neatherds, let us lay
A wager who the best shall play,
Of thee or I, the roundelay
That fits the business of the day.

Chor. And Lalage the judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee, or me.

Fantastic pannicles, brain cells of the imagination.

Sybil's, the oracles of the Cumæan Sybil were written on leaves, which the wind blew about her cave.—Virg. Æn. iv.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
A heifer smooth, and black as jet,
In every part alike complete,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

Chor. And Lalage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeress of the prize.

1. Against thy heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lusty steer
With gilded horns, and burnish'd clear.

Chor. Why, then, begin, and let us hear
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purls from either's oat.

2. The stakes are laid: let's now apply
Each one to make his melody.

Lal. The equal umpire shall be I,
Who'll hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.
[1 *Neatherd plays*

2. That's sweetly touch'd, I must confess,
Thou art a man of worthiness;
But hark how I can now express
My love unto my neatherdess. [*He sings*

Chor. A sugar'd note! and sound as sweet
As kine when they at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy heifer fair,
I'll strike thee such a nimble air

That thou shalt say thyself 'tis rare,
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2. To get thy steerling, once again
I'll play thee such another strain
That thou shalt swear my pipe does reign
Over thine oat as sovereign. [*He sings*

Chor. And Lalage shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize. 2. The day is mine.
1. Not so; my pipe has silenc'd thine:
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love combine.

Chor. And lay ye down your pipes together,
As weary, not o'ercome by either.

717. TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the walls or purple that defends
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

718. A PROGNOSTIC.

As many laws and lawyers do express
Nought but a kingdom's ill-affectedness;
Even so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases where physicians flow.

And lay ye *down your pipes.* The original edition reads *And lay* we *down* our *pipes.*

719. UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

WOULD ye oil of blossoms get?
Take it from my Julia's sweat:
Oil of lilies and of spike?
From her moisture take the like
Let her breathe, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow

720. PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

YOU see this gentle stream that glides
Shov'd on by quick-succeeding tides;
Try if this sober stream you can
Follow to th' wilder ocean;
And see if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By pores and caverns back again
Induct that inadult'rate same
Stream to the spring from whence it came.
This with a wonder when ye do,
As easy, and else easier too,
Then may ye recollect the grains
Of my particular remains,
After a thousand lusters hurl'd
By ruffling winds about the world.

" *Spike*, lavender.

721. FAME.

'Tis still observ'd that fame ne'er sings
The order, but the sum of things.

722. BY USE COMES EASINESS.

OFT bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do
What others can't with all their strength put to.

723. TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the roof, great Genius, and from thence
Into this house pour down thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by thy benison.
Fulfill the larders, and with strengthening bread
Be evermore these bins replenished.
Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,
That lucky fairies here may dance their round;
And after that, lay down some silver pence
The master's charge and care to recompense.
Charm then the chambers, make the beds for ease,
More than for peevish, pining sicknesses.
Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
Grow old with time but yet keep weather-proof.

724. HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on.
I have

A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent
To save
That little Fates me gave or lent.
A hen
I keep, which creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A goose
I have, which with a jealous ear
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell that danger's near.
A lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him, lately dead.
A cat
I keep that plays about my house,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse.
To these
A Tracy* I do keep whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy;
Which are
But toys to give my heart some ease;
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

My Prew, Prudence Baldwin.
Creeking, clucking.
Miching, skulking.
* His spaniel. (Note in the original edition.)

725. GOOD PRECEPTS OR COUNSEL.

In all thy need be thou possess'd
Still with a well-prepared breast;
Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
Thou canst but have what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know
Times that are ill won't still be so.
Clouds will not ever pour down rain;
A sullen day will clear again.
First peals of thunder we must hear,
Then lutes and harps shall stroke the ear.

726. MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

When all birds else do of their music fail,
Money's the still sweet-singing nightingale.

727. UP TAILS ALL.

Begin with a kiss,
Go on too with this;
And thus, thus, thus let us smother
Our lips for awhile,
But let's not beguile
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
Long enough has endur'd,
Since more and more is exacted;
For Love he doth call
For his *uptails all;*
And that's the part to be acted.

Uptails all, the refrain of a song beginning "Fly Merry News": see Note.

729. UPON LUCIA DABBLED IN THE DEW.

My Lucia in the dew did go,
And prettily bedabbled so,
Her clothes held up, she showed withal
Her decent legs, clean, long, and small.
I follow'd after to descry
Part of the nak'd sincerity;
But still the envious scene between
Denied the mask I would have seen.

730. CHARON AND PHILOMEL; A DIALOGUE SUNG.

Ph. CHARON! O gentle Charon! let me woo thee
By tears and pity now to come unto me.
Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I hear?
Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw near.
Ch. A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see;
Speak, where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon pity me!
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm Philomel.
Ch. What's that to me? I waft nor fish or fowls,
Nor beasts, fond thing, but only human souls.
Ph. Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note
That made me thus hoist sail and bring my boat:
But I'll return; what mischief brought thee hither?

Decent, in the Latin sense, comely; *sincerity*, purity.
Scene, a curtain or "drop-scene".
Mask, a play.
Fond, foolish.

Ph. A deal of love and much, much grief together.
Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now beneath
Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.
Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love I pray thee.
Ch. Talk not of love; all pray, but few souls pay me.
Ph. I'll give thee vows and tears. *Ch.* Can tears pay scores
For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?
Ph. I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.
Ch. Why then begin; and all the while we make
Our slothful passage o'er the Stygian Lake,
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry,
Who else with tears would doubtless drown my ferry.

733. A TERNARY OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine:
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil:
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

She's now beneath, her mother Zeuxippe?

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head:
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir:
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float:
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

734. UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

THRICE happy roses, so much grac'd to have
Within the bosom of my love your grave.
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known,
Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

735. MAIDS' NAYS ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS' nays are nothing, they are shy
But to desire what they deny.

736. THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE gods require the thighs
Of beeves for sacrifice;

Which roasted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them,
Who though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

737. LOVERS: HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A GYGES' ring they bear about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steal into the pear or plum,
And air-like, leave no pression to be seen
Where'er they met or parting place has been.

738. TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH IF THEY BE ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you mean
To be accounted inside clean:
For if you cleave them we shall see
There in your teeth much leprosy.

739. IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O JUPITER, should I speak ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

Gyges' ring, which made the wearer invisible.

740. THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather flowers Sappha went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her lawny continent
The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blush'd, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She look'd as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave, as she did pass,
An odour more divine,
More pleasing, too, than ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

741. THE CANDOUR OF JULIA'S TEETH.

WHITE as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girls
Of Rome did wear for their most precious pearls.

742. UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
She seem'd to quench love's fire that there did glow.

Continent, anything that holds, here the bosom of her dress.

Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, conquered by the Romans, A.D. 273.

743. ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the river sat, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

744. DELAY.

BREAK off delay, since we but read of one
That ever prospered by cunctation.

745. TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOR OF EXETER.

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here
The Hector over aged Exeter,
Who for a long, sad time has weeping stood
Like a poor lady lost in widowhood,
But fears not now to see her safety sold,
As other towns and cities were, for gold
By those ignoble births which shame the stem
That gave progermination unto them:
Whose restless ghosts shall hear their children sing,
"Our sires betrayed their country and their king".
True, if this city seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflank'd with brass,
Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyal proof,
The senators, down tumbling with the roof,

Cunctation, delay: the word is suggested by the name of Fabius Cunctator, the conqueror of the Carthaginians, addressed by Virg. (Æn. vi. 846) as "Unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem".

Progermination, budding out.

Would into prais'd, but pitied, ruins fall,
Leaving no show where stood the capitol.
But thou art just and itchless, and dost please
Thy Genius with two strengthening buttresses,
Faith and affection, which will never slip
To weaken this thy great dictatorship.

746. TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.

Love love begets, then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tigers and bears, I've heard some say,
For proffer'd love will love repay:
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softness in others, will be kind;
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like because I love.

747. REGRESSION SPOILS RESOLUTION.

Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on:
Back-turning slackens resolution.

748. CONTENTION.

Discreet and prudent we that discord call
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

Itchless, i.e., with no itch for bribes.

749. CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st; that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

750. LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,
Rich or poor although it be;
'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair or brown,
Does she smile or does she frown,
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin;
When I touch I then begin
For to let affection in.

Be she bald, or does she wear
Locks incurl'd of other hair,
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancy be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she lean,
Be she sluttish, be she clean,
I'm a man for ev'ry scene.

Consult, take counsel. The word and the epigram are suggested by Sallust's "Nam et, prius quam incipias, consulto, et ubi consulueris, mature facto opus est," Cat. i.

751. OUR OWN SINS UNSEEN.

OTHER men's sins we ever bear in mind;
None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

752. NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

IF little labour, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

754. VIRTUE BEST UNITED.

BY so much, virtue is the less,
By how much, near to singleness.

755. THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye
Betrays the heart's adultery.

756. TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING TO EXETER.

WHAT fate decreed, time now has made us see,
A renovation of the west by thee.
That preternatural fever, which did threat
Death to our country, now hath lost his heat,
And, calms succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequal pulse to beat, as heretofore.
Something there yet remains for thee to do;
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.

Fardell, bundle.

Go on with Sylla's fortune; let thy fate
Make thee like him, this, that way fortunate:
Apollo's image side with thee to bless
Thy war (discreetly made) with white success.
Meantime thy prophets watch by watch shall pray,
While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the day:
That done, our smooth-paced poems all shall be
Sung in the high doxology of thee.
Then maids shall strew thee, and thy curls from them
Receive with songs a flowery diadem.

757. A SONG.

BURN, or drown me, choose ye whether,
So I may but die together;
Thus to slay me by degrees
Is the height of cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs, when one
Strikes me dead as any stone?
O show mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder me.

758. PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and fav'rites are most dear, while they
By giving and receiving hold the play;
But the relation then of both grows poor,
When these can ask, and kings can give no more.

Sylla's fortune, in allusion to Sylla's surname of *Felix*.
Doxology, glorifying.

759. EXAMPLES; OR, LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and we likely see;
Such as the prince is, will his people be.

760. POTENTATES.

LOVE and the Graces evermore do wait
Upon the man that is a potentate.

761. THE WAKE.

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes:
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian, too, in pageantry,
And a mimic to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes;
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel-play,

Marian, Maid Marian of the Robin Hood ballads.
Action, i.e., dramatic action.
Incurious, careless, easily pleased.

Where a coxcomb will be broke
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drenched in ale, or drown'd in beer.
Happy rustics! best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want the wake next year.

762. THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH strewings allow
To my sepulchre now,
To make my lodging the sweeter;
A staff or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a penny to pay S. Peter.

Who has not a cross
Must sit with the loss,
And no whit further must venture;
Since the porter he
Will paid have his fee,
Or else not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift
Can't send for a gift
A pig to the priest for a roaster,
Shall hear his clerk say,
By yea and by nay,
No penny, no paternoster.

Coxcomb, to cause blood to flow from the opponent's head was the test of victory.

S. Peter, as the gate-ward of heaven. *Cross*, a coin.

763. TO DOCTOR ALABASTER.

NOR art thou less esteem'd that I have plac'd,
Amongst mine honour'd, thee almost the last:
In great processions many lead the way
To him who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to thee who art the one,
One only glory of a million:
In whom the spirit of the gods does dwell,
Firing thy soul, by which thou dost foretell
When this or that vast dynasty must fall
Down to a fillet more imperial;
When this or that horn shall be broke, and when
Others shall spring up in their place again;
When times and seasons and all years must lie
Drowned in the sea of wild eternity;
When the black doomsday books, as yet unseal'd,
Shall by the mighty angel be reveal'd;
And when the trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to judgment. Tell us when the sound
Of this or that great April day shall be,
And next the Gospel we will credit thee.
Meantime like earth-worms we will crawl below,
And wonder at those things that thou dost know.

For an account of Alabaster see Notes: the allusions here are to his apocalyptic writings.

Horn, used as a symbol of prosperity.

The trumpet which thou late hast found, i.e., Alabaster's "Spiraculum Tubarum seu Fons Spiritualium Expositionum," published 1633.

April day, day of weeping, or perhaps rather of "opening" or revelation.

764. UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a virgin, and as sweet
As e'er was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you would have known,
The marble speaks it, Mary Stone:
Who dying in her blooming years,
This stone for name's sake melts to tears.
If, fragrant virgins, you'll but keep
A fast, while jets and marbles weep,
And praying, strew some roses on her,
You'll do my niece abundant honour.

765. FELICITY KNOWS NO FENCE.

OF both our fortunes good and bad we find
Prosperity more searching of the mind:
Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.

766. DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the bound of things; where'er we go
Fate gives a meeting, Death's the end of woe.

767. A CONJURATION TO ELECTRA.

BY those soft tods of wool
With which the air is full;

Tods of wool, literally, tod of wool=twenty-eight pounds, here used of the fleecy clouds.

By all those tinctures there,
That paint the hemisphere;
By dews and drizzling rain
That swell the golden grain;
By all those sweets that be
I' th' flowery nunnery;
By silent nights, and the
Three forms of Hecate;
By all aspects that bless
The sober sorceress,
While juice she strains, and pith
To make her philters with;
By time that hastens on
Things to perfection;
And by yourself, the best
Conjurement of the rest:
O my Electra! be
In love with none, but me.

768. COURAGE COOLED.

I CANNOT love as I have lov'd before;
For I'm grown old and, with mine age, grown poor.
Love must be fed by wealth: this blood of mine
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

Tinctures, colours.

Three forms of Hecate, the *Diva triformis* of Hor. Od. iii. 22. Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, Persephone in the world below.

Aspects, *i.e.*, of the planets.

769. THE SPELL.

HOLY water come and bring;
Cast in salt, for seasoning:
Set the brush for sprinkling:
Sacred spittle bring ye hither;
Meal and it now mix together,
And a little oil to either.
Give the tapers here their light,
Ring the saints'-bell, to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite.

770. HIS WISH TO PRIVACY.

GIVE me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path:
There will I spend
And end
My wearied years
In tears.

771. A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house, as I have read,
Must be the first man up, and last in bed.
With the sun rising he must walk his grounds;
See this, view that, and all the other bounds:
Shut every gate; mend every hedge that's torn,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorn;
Tread o'er his glebe, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

772. A HYMN TO BACCHUS.

I SING thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy thyrse dost thwack us:
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we fear
No Brutus ent'ring here.
Nor Cato the severe.
What though the lictors threat us,
We know they dare not beat us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobbler is a king,
Nor dreads he any thing:
And though he do not rave,
Yet he'll the courage have
To call my Lord Mayor knave;
Besides, too, in a brave,
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches
And skirts that want their stitches.
And shows his naked flitches,
Yet he'll be thought or seen
So good as George-a-Green;
And calls his blouze, his queen;

Orgies, hymns to Bacchus.

Brave, boast.

George-a-Green, the legendary pinner of Wakefield, renowned for the use of the quarterstaff.

Blouze, a fat wench.

And speaks in language keen.
O Bacchus! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt hear how we
Will chant new hymns to thee.

773. UPON PUSS AND HER 'PRENTICE. EPIG.

Puss and her 'prentice both at drawgloves play;
That done, they kiss, and so draw out the day:
At night they draw to supper; then well fed,
They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

774. BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

Among disasters that dissension brings,
This not the least is, which belongs to kings:
If wars go well, each for a part lays claim;
If ill, then kings, not soldiers, bear the blame.

775. CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

Kings must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest blood.

776. ANGER.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time,
But heard with anger, we confess the crime.

Drawgloves, the game of talking on the fingers.

777. A PSALM OR HYMN TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces!
That do in public places
Drive thence whate'er encumbers
The list'ning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces!
Who do with sweet embraces,
Show they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces!
Who do from sour faces,
And lungs that would infect me,
For evermore protect me.

778. A HYMN TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,
Who still inspire me,

And teach me how to sing
Unto the lyric string
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
My priesthood crown with bays
Green, to the end of days.

779. UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

780. MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keep:
Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.

781. TO ANTHEA.

LET'S call for Hymen, if agreed thou art;
Delays in love but crucify the heart.
Love's thorny tapers yet neglected lie:
Speak thou the word, they'll kindle by-and-bye.
The nimble hours woo us on to wed,
And Genius waits to have us both to bed.
Behold, for us the naked Graces stay
With maunds of roses for to strew the way:
Besides, the most religious prophet stands
Ready to join, as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' bridegroom and the bride.
Tell me, Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of that we call a maidenhead?
Come, I'll instruct thee. Know, the vestal fire
Is not by marriage quench'd, but flames the higher.

Maunds, baskets. *Fondly*, foolishly.

782. UPON PREW, HIS MAID.

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid:
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

783. THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou did'st me home invite;
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
Should meet and tire on such lautitious meat,
The like not Heliogabalus did eat:
And richer wine would'st give to me, thy guest,
Than Roman Sylla pour'd out at his feast.
I came, 'tis true, and looked for fowl of price,
The bastard phœnix, bird of paradise,
And for no less than aromatic wine
Of maiden's-blush, commix'd with jessamine.
Clean was the hearth, the mantel larded jet;
Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet;
At last, i' th' noon of winter, did appear
A ragg'd-soust-neat's-foot with sick vinegar:
And in a burnished flagonet stood by,
Beer small as comfort, dead as charity.
At which amaz'd, and pondering on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chill'd my blood;

Tire, feed on.
Lautitious, sumptuous.
Maiden's-blush, the pink-rose.
Larded jet, *i.e.*, blacked.
Soust, pickled.

I curs'd the master, and I damn'd the souce,
And swore I'd got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
I'll bring a fever, since thou keep'st no fire.

784. CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

COME, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending
On your psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here;
The while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

Psaltries, a kind of guitar.
Teending, kindling.

785. CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONY.

COME guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it
From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

786. ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire;
Unwash'd hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire, though ye blow.

787. ANOTHER.

WASSAIL the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear:
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

788. POWER AND PEACE.

'Tis never, or but seldom known,
Power and peace to keep one throne.

Teend, kindle.

789. TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MISTRESS MARGARET FALCONBRIDGE.

Now is your turn, my dearest, to be set
A gem in this eternal coronet:
'Twas rich before, but since your name is down
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crown.
Blaze by this sphere for ever: or this do,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

790. TO OENONE.

Sweet Oenone, do but say
Love thou dost, though love says nay.
Speak me fair; for lovers be
Gently kill'd by flattery.

791. VERSES.

Who will not honour noble numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?

792. HAPPINESS.

That happiness does still the longest thrive,
Where joys and griefs have turns alternative.

793. THINGS OF CHOICE LONG A-COMING.

We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace;
Desire deferr'd is that it may increase.

794. POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I myself might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lie,
But that eternal poetry
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand year,
When all now dead shall reappear.

797. KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a guest:
Kisses are but dry banquets to a feast.

798. ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went, as poets tell,
To fetch Eurydice from hell;
And had her; but it was upon
This short but strict condition:
Backward he should not look while he
Led her through hell's obscurity:
But ah! it happened, as he made
His passage through that dreadful shade,
Revolve he did his loving eye,
For gentle fear or jealousy;
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Eurydice for ever.

Repullulation, rejuvenescence.

Thirtieth thousand year, an allusion to the doctrine of the Platonic year.

803. TO SAPPHO.

SAPPHO, I will choose to go
Where the northern winds do blow
Endless ice and endless snow:
Rather than I once would see
But a winter's face in thee,
To benumb my hopes and me.

804. TO HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND, M. JOHN CROFTS, CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.

FOR all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have, my Crofts, to send to thee
For the requital, save this only one
Half of my just remuneration.
For since I've travell'd all this realm throughout
To seek and find some few immortals out
To circumspangle this my spacious sphere,
As lamps for everlasting shining here;
And having fix'd thee in mine orb a star,
Amongst the rest, both bright and singular,
The present age will tell the world thou art,
If not to th' whole, yet satisfi'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a sum
Here to be paid, I'll pay't i' th' world to come.

805. THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake:

Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turn'd by thee:
Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice.

806. TO BE MERRY.

LET'S now take our time
While w'are in our prime,
And old, old age is afar off:
For the evil, evil days
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

807. BURIAL.

MAN may want land to live in; but for all
Nature finds out some place for burial.

808. LENITY.

'TIS the Chirurgeon's praise, and height of art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

809. PENITENCE.

WHO after his transgression doth repent,
Is half, or altogether innocent.

810. GRIEF.

CONSIDER sorrows, how they are aright:
Grief, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

811. THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the sun
Paints them with fresh vermilion:
So cherries blush, and Kathern pears,
And apricots in youthful years:
So corals look more lovely red,
And rubies lately polished:
So purest diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the beams of claret wine:
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheek with bashfulness.

812. THE MEAN.

Imparity doth ever discord bring;
The mean the music makes in everything.

813. HASTE HURTFUL.

Haste is unhappy; what we rashly do
Is both unlucky, aye, and foolish, too.
Where war with rashness is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the field with equal fear.

814. PURGATORY.

READERS, we entreat ye pray
For the soul of Lucia;
That in little time she be
From her purgatory free:
In the interim she desires
That your tears may cool her fires.

Kathern pears, i.e., Catharine pears.

815. THE CLOUD.

SEEST thou that cloud that rides in state,
Part ruby-like, part candidate?
It is no other than the bed
Where Venus sleeps half-smothered.

817. THE AMBER BEAD.

I SAW a fly within a bead
Of amber cleanly buried;
The urn was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tomb.

818 TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCY HERRICK.

WHENE'ER I go, or whatsoe'er befalls
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,
This blessing I will leave thee, ere I go:
Prosper thy basket and therein thy dough.
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread.
Balm may thy trees drop, and thy springs run oil,
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil!
These I but wish for; but thyself shall see
The blessing fall in mellow times on thee.

819. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTAL clothing I put on
So soon as, Julia, I am gone
To mine eternal mansion.

, *Candidate*, robed in white.

Thou, thou art here, to human sight
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
But yet how more admir'dly bright
Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit!

820. SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

DOES fortune rend thee? Bear with thy hard fate:
Virtuous instructions ne'er are delicate.
Say, does she frown? still countermand her threats:
Virtue best loves those children that she beats.

821. TO THE PASSENGER.

IF I lie unburied, sir,
These my relics pray inter:
'Tis religion's part to see
Stones or turfs to cover me.
One word more I had to say:
But it skills not; go your way;
He that wants a burial room
For a stone, has Heaven his tomb.

823. TO THE KING,
UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.

THIS day is yours, great Charles! and in this war
Your fate, and ours, alike victorious are.
In her white stole now Victory does rest
Ensphered with palm on your triumphant crest.
Fortune is now your captive; other Kings
Hold but her hands; you hold both hands and wings.

Religion's, orig. ed. *religious.*

824. TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAYBREAK.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say
I'll come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy glass,
Appear thou to mine eyes
As smooth, and nak'd, as she that was
The prime of paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn, that thou mayst look
As purest pearls, or pebbles do
When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrin'd in crystal, so
Do thou to me appear;
Or damask roses when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

825. COUNSEL.

'TWAS Cæsar's saying: *Kings no less conquerors are By their wise counsel, than they be by war.*

826. BAD PRINCES PILL THE PEOPLE.

LIKE those infernal deities which eat
The best of all the sacrificed meat;
And leave their servants but the smoke and sweat:

So many kings, and primates too there are,
Who claim the fat and fleshy for their share
And leave their subjects but the starved ware.

827. MOST WORDS, LESS WORKS.

In desp'rate cases all, or most, are known
Commanders, few for execution.

828. TO DIANEME.

I could but see thee yesterday
  Stung by a fretful bee;
And I the javelin suck'd away,
  And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns and briars and stings,
  I have in my poor breast;
Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings
  My passions any rest.

As love shall help me, I admire
  How thou canst sit, and smile
To see me bleed, and not desire
  To staunch the blood the while.

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,
  Art so unkind to me;
What dismal stories will be told
  Of those that cruel be?

Admire, wonder.

830 HIS LOSS.

ALL has been plundered from me but my wit:
Fortune herself can lay no claim to it.

831. DRAW AND DRINK.

MILK still your fountains and your springs: for why?
The more th'are drawn, the less they will grow dry.

833. TO OENONE.

THOU say'st Love's dart
Hath pricked thy heart;
And thou dost languish too:
If one poor prick
Can make thee sick,
Say, what would many do?

836. TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell,
Thou art all turned icicle?
Shall I say her altars be
Disadorn'd and scorn'd by thee?
O beware! in time submit;
Love has yet no wrathful fit:
If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

837. TO MISTRESS AMY POTTER.

AY me! I love; give him your hand to kiss
Who both your wooer and your poet is.
Nature has precompos'd us both to love:
Your part's to grant; my scene must be to move.
Dear, can you like, and liking love your poet?
If you say "Aye," blush-guiltiness will show it.
Mine eyes must woo you, though I sigh the while:
True love is tongueless as a crocodile.
And you may find in love these different parts—
Wooers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

838. UPON A MAID.

HERE she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise:
For her beauty it was such
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a ring
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly, o'er the dead.

839. UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a circle, and an endless sphere;
From good to good, revolving here and there.

Supremest, last.

840. BEAUTY.

BEAUTY's no other but a lovely grace
Of lively colours flowing from the face.

841. UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore we may apply;
Only for my wound there's no remedy.
Yet if my Julia kiss me, there will be
A sovereign balm found out to cure me.

844. TO HIS BOOK.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee:
Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lie
Torn for the use of pastery:
Or see thy injur'd leaves serve well,
To make loose gowns for mackerel:
Or see the grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

845. READINESS.

THE readiness of doing doth express
No other but the doer's willingness.

846. WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to indite;
And what we blush to speak, she bids us write.

847. SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand:
The first commerce is, and the next command.

848. UPON A MAID.

GONE she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come, and make no stay:
So we keep, till her return,
Here, her ashes, or her urn.

849. SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

FOR all our works a recompense is sure:
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard t' endure.

850. THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the hours say 'tis late:
Coyness takes us, to a measure;
But o'eracted deads the pleasure.
Go to bed, and care not when
Cheerful day shall spring again.
One brave captain did command,
By his word, the sun to stand:

Niceness, delicacy.

One short charm, if you but say,
Will enforce the moon to stay,
Till you warn her hence, away,
T' have your blushes seen by day.

851. TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICS.

TOUCH but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotiere;
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee rare Laniere to sing;
Or curious Wilson: tell me, canst thou be
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their three praises praise but one; that's Lawes.

852. AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old;
Let me in my glass behold
Whether smooth or not I be,
Or if hair remains to me.
Well, or be't or be't not so,
This for certainty I know,
Ill it fits old men to play,
When that Death bids come away.

Gotiere, *Wilson*, see above, III.

Laniere, Nicholas Laniere (1590?-1670?), musician and painter, appointed Master of the King's Music in 1626.

853. THE BEDMAN, OR GRAVEMAKER.

THOU hast made many houses for the dead;
When my lot calls me to be buried,
For love or pity, prithee let there be
I' th' churchyard made one tenement for me.

851. TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA, I am going hence
With some small stock of innocence:
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.
To pray for me do thou begin,
The porter then will let me in.

855. NEED.

WHO begs to die for fear of human need,
Wisheth his body, not his soul, good speed.

856. TO JULIA.

I AM zealless; prithee pray
For my welfare, Julia,
For I think the gods require
Male perfumes, but female fire.

857. ON JULIA'S LIPS.

SWEET are my Julia's lips and clean,
As if o'erwashed in Hippocrene.

Male perfumes, perfumes of the best kind.

858. TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT no other thing is, poets say,
Than the last part of night and first of day.

859. TO HIS FRIEND, MR. J. JINCKS.

LOVE, love me now, because I place
Thee here among my righteous race:
The bastard slips may droop and die
Wanting both root and earth; but thy
Immortal self shall boldly trust
To live for ever with my Just.

860. ON HIMSELF.

IF that my fate has now fulfill'd my year,
And so soon stopt my longer living here;
What was't, ye gods, a dying man to save,
But while he met with his paternal grave!
Though while we living 'bout the world do roam,
We love to rest in peaceful urns at home,
Where we may snug, and close together lie
By the dead bones of our dear ancestry.

861. KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'TWIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference known:
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

With my Just, cp. 664.

862. CROSSES.

OUR crosses are no other than the rods,
And our diseases, vultures of the gods:
Each grief we feel, that likewise is a kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eat, or bite.

863. UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent grove
And show'd me there a tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,
That he reach'd forth unto me;
No otherwise than if he would
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use;
And told me, too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a noose,
His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been
There really alone,
My desp'rate fears in love had seen
Mine execution.

864. NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the priest and clerk;
Joan as my lady is as good i' th' dark.

865. THE BODY.

THE body is the soul's poor house or home,
Whose ribs the laths are, and whose flesh the loam.

866. TO SAPPHO.

THOU say'st thou lov'st me, Sappho; I say no;
But would to Love I could believe 'twas so!
Pardon my fears, sweet Sappho; I desire
That thou be righteous found, and I the liar.

867. OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise her pains
That wets her garden when it rains:
But when the drought has dried the knot,
Then let her use the wat'ring-pot.
We pray for showers, at our need,
To drench, but not to drown our seed.

868. TO HIS BOOK.

TAKE mine advice, and go not near
Those faces, sour as vinegar.
For these, and nobler numbers can
Ne'er please the supercilious man.

869. TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR THOMAS HEALE.

STAND by the magic of my powerful rhymes
'Gainst all the indignation of the times.

Knot, quaintly shaped flower-bed.

Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate
Of thy both great and everlasting fate.
While others perish, here's thy life decreed,
Because begot of my immortal seed.

870. THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT HIMSELF AND JULIA.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise
Both address to sacrifice:
Old religion first commands
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from stain,
Altar clean, no fire profane?
Are the garlands, is the nard
Ready here?

Jul. All well prepar'd,
With the wine that must be shed,
'Twixt the horns, upon the head
Of the holy beast we bring
For our trespass-offering.

Herr. All is well; now next to these
Put we on pure surplices;
And with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast
With perfumes the holocaust:
And, while we the gods invoke,
Read acceptance by the smoke.

871. TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty lord and master of the lyre,
Unshorn Apollo, come and re-inspire
My fingers so, the lyric-strings to move,
That I may play and sing a hymn to Love.

872. ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of war: hence those who fear!
No cowards must his royal ensigns bear.

873. ANOTHER.

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire:
A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.

874. A HYMN TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nymphs play;
And Venus, every way:
When I embrace thy knee,
And make short pray'rs to thee,
In love then prosper me.
This day I go to woo;
Instruct me how to do
This work thou put'st me to.
From shame my face keep free;
From scorn I beg of thee,
Love, to deliver me:
So shall I sing thy praise,
And to thee altars raise,
Unto the end of days.

875. TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy tombstone e'er be laid by me:
Nor let my hearse be wept upon by thee:
But let that instant when thou diest be known
The minute of mine expiration.
One knell be rung for both; and let one grave
To hold us two an endless honour have.

876. HOW HIS SOUL CAME ENSNARED.

MY soul would one day go and seek
For roses, and in Julia's cheek
A richesse of those sweets she found.
As in another Rosamond.
But gathering roses as she was,
Not knowing what would come to pass,
It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair
Caught my poor soul, as in a snare:
Which ever since has been in thrall;
Yet freedom she enjoys withal.

877. FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the commons all.

881. UPON JULIA'S HAIR BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET.

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden toils, and trammel nets,

Richesse, wealth.

To take thine hairs when they are known
Already tame, and all thine own?
'Tis I am wild, and more than hairs
Deserve these meshes and those snares.
Set free thy tresses, let them flow
As airs do breathe or winds do blow:
And let such curious net-works be
Less set for them than spread for me.

883. THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS.

Love in a shower of blossoms came
Down, and half drown'd me with the same:
The blooms that fell were white and red;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether—this I cannot tell—
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell:
But true it was, as I roll'd there,
Without a thought of hurt or fear,
Love turn'd himself into a bee,
And with his javelin wounded me:
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lies a snake:
Kisses and favours are sweet things;
But those have thorns and these have stings.

885. A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

Naught are all women: I say no,
Since for one bad, one good I know:
For Clytemnestra most unkind,
Loving Alcestis there we find:

For one Medea that was bad,
A good Penelope was had:
For wanton Lais, then we have
Chaste Lucrece, a wife as grave:
And thus through womankind we see
A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

887. SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one lord; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

888. CHARMS.

Bring the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

889. ANOTHER.

Let the superstitious wife
Near the child's heart lay a knife:
Point be up, and haft be down
(While she gossips in the town);
This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

890. ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the hag, you must do this:
Commix with meal a little piss
Of him bewitch'd; then forthwith make
A little wafer or a cake;
And this rawly bak'd will bring
The old hag in. No surer thing.

891. ANOTHER CHARM FOR STABLES.

HANG up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat:
This observ'd, the manes shall be
Of your horses all knot-free.

892. CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly, now up-raise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineer
Until the dancing Easter day,
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box which now hath grace
Your houses to renew;

Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside;
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes, then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the house.
Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold:
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

893. THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quench'd, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

894. UPON CANDLEMAS DAY.

END now the white loaf and the pie,
And let all sports with Christmas die.

Bents, grasses.
Teend, kindle.

897. TO BIANCA, TO BLESS HIM.

WOULD I woo, and would I win?
Would I well my work begin?
Would I evermore be crowned
With the end that I propound?
Would I frustrate or prevent
All aspects malevolent?
Thwart all wizards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies:
Place my words and all works else
In most happy parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kiss'd or bless'd by thee.

898. JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION.

PUT on thy holy filletings, and so
To th' temple with the sober midwife go.
Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
By those who serve the child-bed mysteries,
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st
The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,
With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free (and not decurted) offering.
All rites well ended, with fair auspice come
(As to the breaking of a bride-cake) home,
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second epithalamy.

Candid, white.
Decurted, curtailed.

She who keeps chastely to her husband's side
Is not for one, but every night his bride;
And stealing still with love and fear to bed,
Brings him not one, but many a maidenhead.

899. TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the press scarce one could see
A little-peeping-part of thee;
But since thou'rt printed, thou dost call
To show thy nakedness to all.
My care for thee is now the less,
Having resign'd thy shamefac'dness.
Go with thy faults and fates; yet stay
And take this sentence, then away:
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'll run to all adulteries.

900. TEARS.

TEARS most prevail; with tears, too, thou may'st move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

901. TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION OF WORDS.

WORDS beget anger; anger brings forth blows;
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes.
For which prevention, sociate, let there be
Betwixt us two no more logomachy.
Far better 'twere for either to be mute,
Than for to murder friendship by dispute.

Logomachy, contention of words.

902. TRUTH.

TRUTH is best found out by the time and eyes;
Falsehood wins credit by uncertainties.

904. THE EYES BEFORE THE EARS.

WE credit most our sight; one eye doth please
Our trust far more than ten ear-witnesses.

905 WANT.

WANT is a softer wax, that takes thereon
This, that, and every base impression.

906. TO A FRIEND.

LOOK in my book, and herein see
Life endless signed to thee and me.
We o'er the tombs and fates shall fly;
While other generations die.

907. UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE MUSICIAN.

SHOULD I not put on blacks, when each one here
Comes with his cypress and devotes a tear?
Should I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,
Viol, and voice is by thy loss struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been hurl'd,
And no less prais'd than spread throughout the world.

Blacks, mourning garments.

Some have thee call'd Amphion ; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus :
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Music had both her birth and death with thee.

908. A SONG UPON SILVIA.

From me my Silvia ran away,
And running therewithal
A primrose bank did cross her way,
And gave my love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say
What I by chance did see ;
But such the drap'ry did betray
That fully ravished me.

909. THE HONEYCOMB.

If thou hast found an honeycomb,
Eat thou not all, but taste on some :
For if thou eat'st it to excess,
That sweetness turns to loathsomeness.
Taste it to temper, then 'twill be
Marrow and manna unto thee.

910. UPON BEN JONSON.

Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets : but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known ?
Ask his story, not this stone.
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

911. AN ODE FOR HIM.

Ah Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

912. UPON A VIRGIN.

Spend, harmless shade, thy nightly hours
Selecting here both herbs and flowers;
Of which make garlands here and there
To dress thy silent sepulchre.
Nor do thou fear the want of these
In everlasting properties,

The Sun, etc., famous taverns.

Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Far faster than the first can wither.

913. BLAME.

In battles what disasters fall,
The king he bears the blame of all.

914. A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

Ponder my words, if so that any be
Known guilty here of incivility:
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
Teach it to blush, to curtsy, lisp, and show
Demure, but yet full of temptation, too.
Numbers ne'er tickle, or but lightly please,
Unless they have some wanton carriages.
This if ye do, each piece will here be good,
And graceful made by your neat sisterhood.

915. UPON HIMSELF.

I lately fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T' have found in me this sudden change;
But that I understood by dreams
These only were but Love's extremes;
Who fires with hope the lover's heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

916. MULTITUDE.

WE trust not to the multitude in war,
But to the stout, and those that skilful are.

917. FEAR.

MAN must do well out of a good intent;
Not for the servile fear of punishment.

918. TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT! can my Kellam drink his sack
In goblets to the brim,
And see his Robin Herrick lack,
Yet send no bowls to him?

For love or pity to his muse,
That she may flow in verse,
Contemn to recommend a cruse,
But send to her a tierce.

919. HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY; OR, A HEARTY WISH TO GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision such a store,
Till that the cook cries: Bring no more.
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.

[1] *Wish*, om. orig. ed.

Next, let the lord and lady here
Enjoy a Christ'ning year by year;
And this good blessing back them still,
T' have boys, and girls too, as they will.
Then from the porch may many a bride
Unto the holy temple ride:
And thence return, short prayers said,
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
Untouch'd by cold sterility;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in lusters few they may,
By laughing too, and lying down,
People a city or a town.

920. CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE lictors bundled up their rods; beside,
Knit them with knots with much ado unti'd,
That if, unknitting, men would yet repent,
They might escape the lash of punishment.

921. PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

Men are suspicious, prone to discontent:
Subjects still loathe the present government.

922. REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while; a resting field
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield;
Trees this year bear: next, they their wealth withhold:
Continual reaping makes a land wax old.

Lusters, quinquenniums.

923. REVENGE.

Man's disposition is for to requite
An injury, before a benefit:
Thanksgiving is a burden and a pain;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain.

924. THE FIRST MARS OR MAKES.

In all our high designments 'twill appear,
The first event breeds confidence or fear.

925. BEGINNING DIFFICULT.

Hard are the two first stairs unto a crown:
Which got, the third bids him a king come down.

926. FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

927. THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH.

Praise they that will times past; I joy to see
Myself now live: *this age best pleaseth me.*

928. CLOTHES ARE CONSPIRATORS.

Though from without no foes at all we fear,
We shall be wounded by the clothes we wear.

929. CRUELTY.

'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings:
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blows,
So kings by killing do increase their foes.

930. FAIR AFTER FOUL.

Tears quickly dry, griefs will in time decay:
A clear will come after a cloudy day.

931. HUNGER.

ASK me what hunger is, and I'll reply,
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and dry.

932. BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

IN this misfortune kings do most excel,
To hear the worst from men when they do well.

933. THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

934. THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine hair,
And quickly I shall be
Made by that fetter or that snare
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the ear,
And by the law I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

935. CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-room to the best; *'tis never known*
Virtue and pleasure both to dwell in one.

936. TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespass, Silvia; I confess
My kiss out-went the bounds of shamefastness:
None is discreet at all times; no, *not Jove*
Himself, at one time, can be wise and love.

937. FAIR SHOWS DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the sea, and seem'd to call
Two pretty girls to play withal:
Who paddling there, the sea soon frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these?

938. HIS WISH.

FAT be my hind; unlearned be my wife;
Peaceful my night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

* *Hind*, country servant.

939. UPON JULIA WASHING HERSELF IN THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash herself in thee!
So lilies thorough crystal look:
So purest pebbles in the brook:
As in the river Julia did,
Half with a lawn of water hid.
Into thy streams myself I threw,
And struggling there, I kiss'd thee too;
And more had done, it is confess'd,
Had not thy waves forbade the rest.

940. A MEAN IN OUR MEANS.

THOUGH frankincense the deities require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expense,
As for ourselves to leave some frankincense.

941. UPON CLUNN.

A ROLL of parchment Clunn about him bears,
Charg'd with the arms of all his ancestors:
And seems half ravish'd, when he looks upon
That bar, this bend; that fess, this cheveron;
This manch, that moon; this martlet, and that mound;
This counterchange of pearl and diamond.
What joy can Clunn have in that coat, or this,
Whenas his own still out at elbows is?

942. UPON CUPID.

Love, like a beggar, came to me
With hose and doublet torn:
His shirt bedangling from his knee,
With hat and shoes outworn.

He ask'd an alms; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need:
Of which, when he had fully fed,
He wished me all good speed.

Away he went, but as he turn'd
(In faith I know not how)
He touch'd me so, as that I burn['d],
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart;
And though I saw no bow, I'm sure
His finger was the dart.

946. AN HYMN TO LOVE.

I will confess
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day,
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring, cry,
It, ah! too late repents me,

That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be
In fetters free:
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

947. TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON.

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence:
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
Worthy the public admiration:
Who with thine own eyes read'st what we do write,
And giv'st our numbers euphony and weight;
Tell'st when a verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not, born of the royal blood.
What state above, what symmetry below,
Lines have, or should have, thou the best can'st show.

For which, my Charles, it is my pride to be
Not so much known, as to be lov'd of thee.
Long may I live so, and my wreath of bays
Be less another's laurel than thy praise.

948. WOMEN USELESS.

WHAT need we marry women, when
Without their use we may have men,
And such as will in short time be
For murder fit, or mutiny?
As Cadmus once a new way found,
By throwing teeth into the ground;
From which poor seed, and rudely sown,
Sprung up a war-like nation:
So let us iron, silver, gold,
Brass, lead, or tin throw into th' mould;
And we shall see in little space
Rise up of men a fighting race.
If this can be, say then, what need
Have we of women or their seed?

949. LOVE IS A SYRUP.

LOVE is a syrup; and whoe'er we see
Sick and surcharg'd with this satiety,
Shall by this pleasing trespass quickly prove
There's loathsomeness e'en in the sweets of love.

950. LEAVEN.

LOVE is a leaven; and a loving kiss
The leaven of a loving sweetheart is.

951. REPLETION.

PHYSICIANS say repletion springs
More from the sweet than sour things.

952. ON HIMSELF.

WEEP for the dead, for they have lost this light:
And weep for me, lost in an endless night.
Or mourn, or make a marble verse for me,
Who writ for many. Benedicite.

953. NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

NO man such rare parts hath that he can swim,
If favour or occasion help not him.

954. ON HIMSELF.

LOST to the world; lost to myself; alone
Here now I rest under this marble stone:
In depth of silence, heard and seen of none.

955. TO M. LEONARD WILLAN, HIS PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live thou throughout the world;
Who art a man for all scenes; unto whom,
What's hard to others, nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the comic, tragic strain, and fall
From these to pen the pleasing pastoral:

Who flï'st at all heights: prose and verse run'st through;
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespass too:
For which I might extol thee, but speak less,
Because thyself art coming to the press:
And then should I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

956. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. JOHN HALL, STUDENT OF GRAY'S INN.

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring
Thee less to taste than to drink up their spring,
That none hereafter should be thought, or be
A poet, or a poet-like but thee?
What was thy birth, thy star that makes thee known,
At twice ten years, a prime and public one?
Tell us thy nation, kindred, or the whence
Thou had'st and hast thy mighty influence,
That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
And no less prais'd than of the maids admired.
Put on thy laurel then; and in that trim
Be thou Apollo or the type of him:
Or let the unshorn god lend thee his lyre,
And next to him be master of the choir.

957. TO JULIA.

OFFER thy gift; but first the law commands
Thee, Julia, first, to sanctify thy hands:
Do that, my Julia, which the rites require,
Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

958. TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER M. ELIZABETH FINCH.

HANDSOME you are, and proper you will be
Despite of all your infortunity:
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no less
In that your own prefixed comeliness:
Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall,
Leave others beauty to set up withal.

960. TO HIS BOOK.

IF hap it must, that I must see thee lie
Absyrtus-like, all torn confusedly:
With solemn tears, and with much grief of heart,
I'll recollect thee, weeping, part by part;
And having wash'd thee, close thee in a chest
With spice; that done, I'll leave thee to thy rest.

961. TO THE KING, UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON COURT. SET AND SUNG.

WELCOME, great Cæsar, welcome now you are
As dearest peace after destructive war:
Welcome as slumbers, or as beds of ease
After our long and peevish sicknesses.

Proper, well-made.

Absyrtus-like, the brother of Medea, cut in pieces by her that his father might be delayed by gathering his limbs.

O pomp of glory! Welcome now, and come
To repossess once more your long'd-for home.
A thousand altars smoke: a thousand thighs
Of beeves here ready stand for sacrifice.
Enter and prosper; while our eyes do wait
For an ascendent throughly auspicate:
Under which sign we may the former stone
Lay of our safety's new foundation:
That done, O Cæsar! live and be to us
Our fate, our fortune, and our genius;
To whose free knees we may our temples tie
As to a still protecting deity:
That should you stir, we and our altars too
May, great Augustus, go along with you.
Chor. Long live the King! and to accomplish this,
We'll from our own add far more years to his.

962. ULTIMUS HEROUM: OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUIS OF DORCHESTER.

And as time past when Cato the severe
Enter'd the circumspacious theatre,
In reverence of his person everyone
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone;
E'en so my numbers will astonished be
If but looked on; struck dead, if scann'd by thee.

Ascendent, the most influential position of a planet in astrology.

Auspicate, propitious.

963. TO HIS MUSE; ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

TELL that brave man, fain thou would'st have access
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfulness;
Or else because th'art like a modest bride,
Ready to blush to death, should he but chide.

966. TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, M. JO. HARMAR, PHYSICIAN TO THE COLLEGE OF WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those numbers thou dost write
To be most soft, terse, sweet, and perpolite:
Next, when I see thee tow'ring in the sky,
In an expansion no less large than high;
Then, in that compass, sailing here and there,
And with circumgyration everywhere;
Following with love and active heat thy game,
And then at last to truss the epigram;
I must confess, distinction none I see
Between Domitian's Martial then, and thee.
But this I know, should Jupiter again
Descend from heaven to reconverse with men;
The Roman language full, and superfine,
If Jove would speak, he would accept of thine.

967. UPON HIS SPANIEL TRACY.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, spaniel like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million.

Perpolite, well polished.

968. THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning, I espy
Coming from my Julia's eye:
'Tis some solace in our smart,
To have friends to bear a part:
I have none; but must be sure
Th' inundation to endure.
Shall not times hereafter tell
This for no mean miracle?
When the waters by their fall
Threaten'd ruin unto all,
Yet the deluge here was known
Of a world to drown but one.

971. STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVEREIGNTY.

LET kings and rulers learn this line from me:
Where power is weak, unsafe is majesty.

973. CRUTCHES.

THOU see'st me, Lucia, this year droop;
Three zodiacs filled more, I shall stoop;
Let crutches then provided be
To shore up my debility.
Then, while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry,
"A ruin, underpropp'd, am I".
Don will I then my beadsman's gown,

Zodiacs, used as symbols of the astronomical year
Beadsman's, almshouseman's.

And when so feeble I am grown,
As my weak shoulders cannot bear
The burden of a grasshopper,
Yet with the bench of aged sires,
When I and they keep termly fires,
With my weak voice I'll sing, or say,
Some odes I made of Lucia:
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To Jove the mighty, for to stand
Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
Upon thee many a benison.

974. TO JULIA.

Holy waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling:
Baptise me and thee, and so
Let us to the altar go,
And, ere we our rites commence,
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then I'll be the Rex Sacrorum,
Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.

975. UPON CASE.

Case is a lawyer, that ne'er pleads alone,
But when he hears the like confusion,
As when the disagreeing Commons throw
About their House, their clamorous Aye or No:

Quorum, *i.e.*, quorum of justices of the peace, sportively added for the rhyme's sake.

Then Case, as loud as any serjeant there,
Cries out: My lord, my lord, the case is clear.
But when all's hush'd, Case, than a fish more mute,
Bestirs his hand, but starves in hand the suit.

976. TO PERENNA.

I a dirge will pen to thee;
Thou a trentall make for me:
That the monks and friars together,
Here may sing the rest of either:
Next, I'm sure, the nuns will have
Candlemas to grace the grave.

977. TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, M. SUSANNA HERRICK.

THE person crowns the place; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with these a principal.
Howe'er it fortuned; know for truth, I meant
You a fore-leader in this testament.

978. UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS stone can tell the story of my life,
What was my birth, to whom I was a wife:
In teeming years, how soon my sun was set,
Where now I rest, these may be known by jet.
For other things, my many children be
The best and truest chronicles of me.

Trentall services for the dead.

979. ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

GROW up in beauty, as thou dost begin,
And be of all admired, Tomasin.

980. CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all,
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas Hall:
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected, there (maids, trust to me)
So many goblins you shall see.

981. SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

HE that will live of all cares dispossess'd,
Must shun the bad, aye, and suspect the best.

983. TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO. HERRICK, WHO DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my college, and though late
Thou'st got a place here (standing candidate)
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

984. A BUCOLIC BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND THYRSIS

Lacon. For a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely neat-herdess?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To full fill the milking-pail?
Say, what is't that thou dost ail?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was:
See, mine eyes are weeping-ripe.

Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here:
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Party-colour'd like a pie;
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn:
Sharply pointed as a thorn,
With a neck by yoke unworn;
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interplac'd with ribbonings:

Pie, i.e., a magpie.

Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw could him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ay me! ay me! Last night
Came a mad dog and did bite,
Aye, and kill'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I'll be brief.
Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his ev'ning funeral.
Live long, Lacon, so adieu!

Lacon. Mournful maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

985. UPON SAPPHO.

Look upon Sappho's lip, and you will swear
There is a love-like leaven rising there.

988. A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

Drink up
Your cup,
But not spill wine;

For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill sign;

That we
Foresee
You are cloy'd here,
If so, no
Ho,
But avoid here.

989. CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

Care keeps the conquest; 'tis no less renown
To keep a city than to win a town.

990. RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have bounds how far to walk; for we
Are made far worse by lawless liberty.

991. TO BIANCA.

AH, Bianca! now I see
It is noon and past with me:
In a while it will strike one;
Then, Bianca, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave;
Then, Bianca, let me rest
With my face towards the East.

992. TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESS GRACE POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face
Touch'd everywhere with such diffused grace,
As that in all that admirable round
There is not one least solecism found;
And as that part, so every portion else
Keeps line for line with beauty's parallels.

993. ANACREONTIC.

I MUST
Not trust
Here to any;
Bereav'd,
Deceiv'd
By so many:
As one
Undone
By my losses;
Comply
Will I
With my crosses;
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving,
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.
But this
Sweet is
In our mourning;

Times bad
And sad
Are a-turning:
And he
Whom we
See dejected,
Next day
We may
See erected

994. MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd those men most valiant are,
That are most modest ere they come to war.

995. NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS THE CHARGE.

Why should we covet much, whenas we know
W'ave more to bear our charge than way to go?

996. ANACREONTIC VERSE.

Brisk methinks I am, and fine
When I drink my cap'ring wine:
Then to love I do incline,
When I drink my wanton wine:
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drink my sprightly wine:
Well I sup and well I dine,
When I drink my frolic wine;
But I languish, lower, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

998. PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

Kings must not use the axe for each offence:
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

999. FEAR GETS FORCE.

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed:
The coward then takes arms and does the deed.

1000. PARCEL-GILT POETRY.

LET'S strive to be the best; the gods, we know it,
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet.

1001. UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Like and dislike ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stroke ye to strike ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will befool ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Heat ye to cool ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye to spend ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfil ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Kiss ye to kill ye.

1002. TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT IN CORNWALL.

Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that
Which we, and times to come, shall wonder at.
Lift up thy sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that one blow set an end to all.

1003. HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private grange
Spend I my life, that's subject unto change:
Under whose roof with moss-work wrought, there I
Kiss my brown wife and black posterity.

1004. LEPROSY IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a house I come, and see
The Genius wasteful, more than free:
The servants thumbless, yet to eat
With lawless tooth the flour of wheat:
The sons to suck the milk of kine,
More than the teats of discipline:
The daughters wild and loose in dress,
Their cheeks unstained with shamefac'dness:
The husband drunk, the wife to be
A bawd to incivility;
I must confess, I there descry,
A house spread through with leprosy.

Grange, a farmstead.
Thumbless, lazy: cp. painful thumb, *supra*.

1005. GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests:
To come with their own bellies unto feasts;
Not to eat equal portions, but to rise
Farced with the food that may themselves suffice.

1006. ANTHEA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHEA laugh'd, and fearing lest excess
Might stretch the cords of civil comeliness,
She with a dainty blush rebuk'd her face,
And call'd each line back to his rule and space.

1007. COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismayed though crosses cast thee down;
Thy fall is but the rising to a crown.

1008. SEEK AND FIND.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

1009. REST.

ON with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd:
Labour is held up by the hope of rest.

Farced, stuffed.

1010. LEPROSY IN CLOTHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold
Inspir'd with purple, pearl and gold,
I think no other, but I see
In them a glorious leprosy
That does infect and make the rent
More mortal in the vestiment.
As flowery vestures do descry
The wearer's rich immodesty:
So plain and simple clothes do show
Where virtue walks, not those that flow.

1012. GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

To an old sore a long cure must go on:
Great faults require great satisfaction.

1013. HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

YOU ask me what I do, and how I live?
And, noble friend, this answer I must give:
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,
O'er which you'll walk, when I am laid beneath.

1014. THE BEGGAR.

SHALL I a daily beggar be,
For love's sake asking alms of thee?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit?

Ah, cruel maids! I'll go my way,
Whereas, perchance, my fortunes may
Find out a threshold or a door
That may far sooner speed the poor:
Where thrice we knock, and none will hear,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

1015. BASTARDS.

Our bastard children are but like to plate
Made by the coiners—illegitimate.

1016. HIS CHANGE.

My many cares and much distress
Has made me like a wilderness;
Or, discompos'd, I'm like a rude
And all confused multitude:
Out of my comely manners worn,
And, as in means, in mind all torn.

1017. THE VISION.

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,
A crawling vine about Anacreon's head.
Flushed was his face; his hairs with oil did shine;
And, as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine.
Tippled he was, and tippling lisped withal;
And lisping reeled, and reeling like to fall.
A young enchantress close by him did stand,
Tapping his plump thighs with a myrtle wand:

She smil'd; he kiss'd; and kissing, cull'd her too,
And being cup-shot, more he could not do.
For which, methought, in pretty anger she
Snatched off his crown, and gave the wreath to me;
Since when, methinks, my brains about do swim,
And I am wild and wanton like to him.

1018. A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight
Of my dearest dear last night;
Make her this day smile on me,
And I'll roses give to thee.

1019. ON HIS BOOK.

THE bound, almost, now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein, or me:
Here we begin new life, while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

1020. A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me.
But, ah! by stars malignant crossed,
The life I got I quickly lost;
But yet a way there doth remain
For me embalm'd to live again,
And that's to love me; in which state
I'll live as one regenerate.

Cull'd, embraced.
Cup-shot, drunk.

1021. BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well:
Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

1022. POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the printing press run fast;
Since after death comes glory, I'll not haste.

1023. RAPINE BRINGS RUIN.

WHAT'S got by justice is established sure:
No kingdoms got by rapine long endure.

1024. COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears:

Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind;
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

1026. SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW AFTER TWELFTH DAY.

PARTLY work and partly play
Ye must on S. Distaff's day:
From the plough soon free your team,
Then come home and fodder them.
If the maids a-spinning go,
Burn the flax and fire the tow;
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maidenhair.
Bring in pails of water, then,
Let the maids bewash the men.
Give S. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night;
And next morrow everyone
To his own vocation.

Plackets, petticoats.

1027. SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one martyrdom.

1028. HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand:
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do;
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge with boughs and rushes beautifi'd,
With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court.
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore:
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water-dames
With swan-like state float up and down thy streams:
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them lean and languishing at all.
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.

Reiterate, retread.

1029. PARDONS.

THOSE ends in war the best contentment bring,
Whose peace is made up with a pardoning.

1030. PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

Great cities seldom rest; if there be none
T' invade from far, they'll find worse foes at home.

1031. TRUTH AND ERROR.

'Twixt truth and error there's this difference known,
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

1032. THINGS MORTAL STILL MUTABLE.

Things are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on icy pavements we are set.

1033. STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

Studies themselves will languish and decay,
When either price or praise is ta'en away.

1034. WIT PUNISHED, PROSPERS MOST.

DREAD not the shackles: on with thine intent;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

1035. TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here,
Beside we must know,
The pea also
Must revel, as queen, in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drink
To the base from the brink
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's wool:
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
And queen wassailing:
And though with ale ye be whet here,

Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence
As when ye innocent met here.

1036. HIS DESIRE.

Give me a man that is not dull
When all the world with rifts is full;
But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,
Whenas the roof's a-tottering:
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the cittern with his quill.

1037. CAUTION IN COUNSEL.

Know when to speak; for many times it brings
Danger to give the best advice to kings.

1038. MODERATION.

Let moderation on thy passions wait;
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.

1039. ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

Still take advice; though counsels, when they fly
At random, sometimes hit most happily.

Cittern, a kind of lute; *quill*, the plectrum for striking it.

1040. CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

Conformity gives comeliness to things:
And equal shares exclude all murmurings.

1041. LAWS.

WHO violates the customs, hurts the health,
Not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

1042. THE MEAN.

'TIS much among the filthy to be clean;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

1043. LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

LIKE will to like, each creature loves his kind;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashful mind.

1044. HIS HOPE OR SHEET ANCHOR.

AMONG these tempests great and manifold
My ship has here one only anchor-hold;
That is my hope, which if that slip, I'm one
Wildered in this vast wat'ry region.

1045. COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'TIS no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great crack not crushes one, but all.

1046. TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is no other thing, we say,
Than night now gone, and yet not sprung the day.

1047. FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead,
Does but deride the party buried.

1048. THE WILL MAKES THE WORK; OR, CONSENT MAKES THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is half way cured if the party will.

1049. DIET.

IF wholesome diet can recure a man,
What need of physic or physician?

1050. SMART.

STRIPES, justly given, yerk us with their fall;
But causeless whipping smarts the most of all.

1051. THE TINKER'S SONG.

ALONG, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of tinkers;
And quaff up a bowl
As big as a cowl
To beer drinkers.

Blacks, mourning garments.

The pole of the hop
Place in the aleshop
To bethwack us,
If ever we think
So much as to drink
Unto Bacchus.
Who frolic will be
For little cost, he
Must not vary
From beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
For Canary.

1052. HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife;
Nor will hereafter; since I know
Who weds, o'er-buys his weal with woe.

1053. SINCERITY.

WASH clean the vessel, lest ye sour
Whatever liquor in ye pour.

1054. TO ANTHEA.

SICK is Anthea, sickly is the spring,
The primrose sick, and sickly everything;
The while my dear Anthea does but droop,
The tulips, lilies, daffodils do stoop:
But when again she's got her healthful hour,
Each bending then will rise a proper flower.

1055. NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,
For as I will not sell ye,
So not one cross to buy thee
I'll give, if thou deny me.

1056. TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, M. JO. WICKS.

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one
To whose glad threshold, and free door,
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savoury bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over-leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread, and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar:
Or should'st thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boiled worts, or third-day's fish;
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

1057. THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFUL.

Who may do most, does least: the bravest will
Show mercy there, where they have power to kill.

Cross, a coin.
Worts, cabbages.
Drop his beads, *i.e.*, pray.

1058. AFTER AUTUMN, WINTER.

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall;
After leaves, the tree must fall.

1059. A GOOD DEATH.

FOR truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill, that liveth well.

1060. RECOMPENSE.

WHO plants an olive, but to eat the oil?
Reward, we know, is the chief end of toil.

1061. ON FORTUNE.

THIS is my comfort when she's most unkind:
She can but spoil me of my means, not mind.

1062. TO SIR GEORGE PARRY, DOCTOR OF THE CIVIL LAW.

I HAVE my laurel chaplet on my head
If, 'mongst these many numbers to be read,
But one by you be hugg'd and cherished.

Peruse my measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgment finds a guilty poem, there
Be you a judge; but not a judge severe.

The mean pass by, or over, none contemn;
The good applaud; the peccant less condemn,
Since absolution you can give to them.

Stand forth, brave man, here to the public sight;
And in my book now claim a twofold right:
The first as doctor, and the last as knight.

1063. CHARMS.

THIS I'll tell ye by the way:
Maidens, when ye leavens lay,
Cross your dough, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

1064. ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far;
For as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.

1065. ANOTHER.

IF ye fear to be affrighted
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket for a trust
Carry nothing but a crust:
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger and the dread.

1067. GENTLENESS.

That prince must govern with a gentle hand
Who will have love comply with his command.

1068. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND MISTRESS ELIZA WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF AMARYLLIS.

Her. My dearest love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pity let me know
The place where I may find thee.

Ama. In country meadows pearl'd with dew,
And set about with lilies,
There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
May find your Amaryllis.

Her. What have the meads to do with thee,
Or with thy youthful hours?
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be
The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With posies, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest gems to shine,
And like the stars to glitter.

Ama. You set too high a rate upon
A shepherdess so homely.

Maunds, baskets.

Her. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
I' th' Court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. *Ama.* I must away;
Let's kiss first, then we'll sever.
Ambo. And though we bid adieu to-day,
We shall not part for ever.

1069. TO JULIA.

HELP me, Julia, for to pray,
Matins sing, or matins say:
This, I know, the fiend will fly
Far away, if thou be'st by.
Bring the holy water hither,
Let us wash and pray together;
When our beads are thus united,
Then the foe will fly affrighted.

1070. TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

ROSES, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lie,
Heat and moisture mix'd are so
As to make ye ever grow.

1071. TO THE HONOURED MASTER ENDYMION PORTER.

WHEN to thy porch I come and ravish'd see
The state of poets there attending thee,
Those bards and I, all in a chorus sing:
We are thy prophets, Porter, thou our king.

Beads, prayers.

1072. SPEAK IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear; but speak
When a clear day out of a cloud does break.

1073. OBEDIENCE.

THE power of princes rests in the consent
Of only those who are obedient:
Which if away, proud sceptres then will lie
Low, and of thrones the ancient majesty.

1074. ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

No man so well a kingdom rules as he
Who hath himself obeyed the sovereignty.

1075. OF LOVE.

1. INSTRUCT me now what love will do.
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.
1. Inform me next, what love will do.
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides, what love will do.
2. 'Twill quickly mar, and make ye too.
1. Tell me now last, what love will do.
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

1076. UPON TRAP.

TRAP of a player turn'd a priest now is:
Behold a sudden metamorphosis.
If tithe-pigs fail, then will he shift the scene,
And from a priest turn player once again.

1080. THE SCHOOL OR PEARL OF PUTNEY, THE MISTRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESS PORTMAN.

WHETHER I was myself, or else did see
Out of myself that glorious hierarchy;
Or whether those, in orders rare, or these
Made up one state of sixty Venuses;
Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,
Or muses on their mountain sitting there;
Or some enchanted place, I do not know,
Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow.
This I am sure: I ravished stood, as one
Confus'd in utter admiration.
Methought I saw them stir, and gently move,
And look as all were capable of love;
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Inspir'd by th' sunbeams after dews and showers.
There did I see the reverend rectress stand,
Who with her eye's gleam, or a glance of hand,
Those spirits raised; and with like precepts then,
As with a magic, laid them all again.
A happy realm! When no compulsive law,
Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe.
Live you, great mistress of your arts, and be
A nursing mother so to majesty,
As those your ladies may in time be seen,
For grace and carriage, everyone a queen.
One birth their parents gave them; but their new,
And better being, they receive from you.
Man's former birth is graceless; but the state
Of life comes in, when he's regenerate.

1081. TO PERENNA.

THOU say'st I'm dull; if edgeless so I be,
I'll whet my lips, and sharpen love on thee.

1082. ON HIMSELF.

LET me not live if I not love:
Since I as yet did never prove
Where pleasures met, at last do find
All pleasures meet in womankind.

1083. ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men does ever longest last
Where war and peace the dice by turns do cast.

1084. ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE'S of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.

1086. UPON CHUB.

WHEN Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries,
"Aha, my boys! here's meat for Christmas pies!"
Soon after he for beer so scores his wheat,
That at the tide he has not bread to eat.

1087. PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE pleasures rule a kingdom, never there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

1088. ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED pilgrim, I have wandered here
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one year;
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have lived, but few.

Who by his grey hairs doth his lusters tell,
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.
One man has reach'd his sixty years, but he
Of all those threescore, has not liv'd half three.
He lives, who lives to virtue; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

1089. TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.

READ thou my lines, my Swetnaham; if there be
A fault, 'tis hid if it be voic'd by thee.
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please:
How will it drop pure honey speaking these!

1090. HIS COVENANT; OR, PROTESTATION TO JULIA.

WHY dost thou wound and break my heart,
As if we should for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I would come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
This second protestation now.
Upon thy cheek that spangled tear,
Which sits as dew of roses there,
That tear shall scarce be dried before
I'll kiss the threshold of thy door.
Then weep not, sweet; but thus much know,
I'm half return'd before I go.

Luster, five years.

1091. ON HIMSELF.

I WILL no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is
That I must go this day.
Since longer I can't live,
My frolic youths, adieu;
My lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

1092. TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, M. MICHAEL OULSWORTH.

NOR think that thou in this my book art worst,
Because not plac'd here with the midst, or first.
Since fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those, that must live with thee for evermore;
That fame, and fame's rear'd pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, brave man, to follow thee.
Fix on that column then, and never fall,
Held up by Fame's eternal pedestal.

1093. TO HIS GIRLS, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFUL.

ALAS! I can't, for tell me, how
Can I be gamesome, aged now?
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, winter-like, to frost and snow;
And I, ere long, my girls, shall see
Ye quake for cold to look on me.

In the next sheet. See 1129.

1094. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Truth by her own simplicity is known,
Falsehood by varnish and vermilion.

1095. HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton and too bold, I fear,
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek or ear.
Beg for my pardon, Julia: *he doth win*
Grace with the gods who's sorry for his sin.
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come
And go with me to choose my burial room:
My fates are ended; when thy Herrick dies,
Clasp thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

1096. ON HIMSELF.

ONE ear tingles; some there be
That are snarling now at me:
Be they those that Homer bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

1097. UPON KINGS.

Kings must be dauntless; subjects will contemn
Those who want hearts and wear a diadem.

1098. TO HIS GIRLS.

WANTON wenches, do not bring
For my hairs black colouring:
For my locks, girls, let 'em be
Grey or white, all's one to me.

1100. TO HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapness seen and ease
In varnish'd maps, by th' help of compasses,
Or read in volumes and those books with all
Their large narrations incanonical,
Thou hast beheld those seas and countries far,
And tell'st to us what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth thou can'st now relate
This kingdom's fortune, and that empire's fate:
Can'st talk to us of Sharon, where a spring
Of roses have an endless flourishing;
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them
Make known to us the new Jerusalem;
The Mount of Olives, Calvary, and where
Is, and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre.
So that the man that will but lay his ears
As inapostate to the thing he hears,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of travels less in books than thee.

1101. THE VOICE AND VIOL.

RARE is the voice itself: but when we sing
To th' lute or viol, then 'tis ravishing.

1102. WAR.

IF kings and kingdoms once distracted be,
The sword of war must try the sovereignty.

Large, exaggerated.
Incanonical, untrustworthy.

1103. A KING AND NO KING.

That prince who may do nothing but what's just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust.

1104. PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill plots that do sometimes fail;
Nor those false vows which ofttimes don't prevail.

1105. FLATTERY.

WHAT is't that wastes a prince? example shows,
'Tis flattery spends a king, more than his foes.

1109. EXCESS.

EXCESS is sluttish: keep the mean; for why?
Virtue's clean conclave is sobriety.

1111. THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt the soul is; which when gone,
The flesh soon sucks in putrefaction.

1117. ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue, abstinence.

Conclave, guard.

1118. NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN fear admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

1119. SAUCE FOR SORROWS.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no relief,
An equal mind is the best sauce for grief.

1120. TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold;
Thou kill'st with heat, and I strike dead with cold.
Let's try of us who shall the first expire;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchless fire:
Extremes are fatal where they once do strike,
And bring to th' heart destruction both alike.

1121. DISTRUST.

WHATEVER men for loyalty pretend,
'Tis wisdom's part to doubt a faithful friend.

1123. THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,
Here with the sweet Pierides.
But if so be that men will not
Give thee the laurel crown for lot;
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one
Not subject to corruption.

1124. ON HIMSELF.

I'LL write no more of love; but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
I'll write no more of life; but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

1125. TO HIS BOOK.

Go thou forth, my book, though late:
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fire's by: farewell.

1126 THE END OF HIS WORK.

PART of the work remains; one part is past:
And here my ship rides, having anchor cast.

1127. TO CROWN IT.

MY wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd!
The haven reach'd to which I first was bound.

1128. ON HIMSELF.

THE work is done: young men and maidens, set
Upon my curls the myrtle coronet

Washed with sweet ointments: thus at last I come
To suffer in the Muses' martyrdom;
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The Muses will wear blacks when I am dead.

1129. THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME'S pillar here, at last, we set,
Outduring marble, brass, or jet,
Charm'd and enchanted so
As to withstand the blow
Of overthrow;
Nor shall the seas,
Or outrages
Of storms o'erbear
What we uprear.
Tho' kingdoms fall,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all;
But stand for ever by his own
Firm and well-fix'd foundation.

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

Blacks, mourning garments.

HIS

NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongſt other things)

he ſings the Birth of his CHRIST;
and ſighes for his *Saviours* ſuffe-
ring on the *Croſſe.*

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Ἴδμεν δ', εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

LONDON.

Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Egleſfield.*

1647.

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES.

1. HIS CONFESSION.

Look how our foul days do exceed our fair;
And as our bad, more than our good works are,
E'en so those lines, pen'd by my wanton wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least numerous: men are prone
To do ten bad for one good action.

2. HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION.

For those my unbaptised rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy Thy benediction;
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

3. TO FIND GOD.

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mix'd in that watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

4. WHAT GOD IS.

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,
And is the best known, not defining Him.

5. UPON GOD.

GOD is not only said to be
An Ens, but Supraentity.

Keep, abide.

6. MERCY AND LOVE.

GOD hath two wings which He doth ever move;
The one is mercy, and the next is love:
Under the first the sinners ever trust;
And with the last He still directs the just.

7. GOD'S ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.

GOD when He's angry here with anyone,
His wrath is free from perturbation;
And when we think His looks are sour and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

8. GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED.

'TIS hard to find God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

9. GOD'S PART.

PRAYERS and praises are those spotless two
Lambs, by the law, which God requires as due.

10. AFFLICTION.

GOD ne'er afflicts us more than our desert,
Though He may seem to overact His part:
Sometimes He strikes us more than flesh can bear;
But yet still less than grace can suffer here.

11. THREE FATAL SISTERS.

THREE fatal sisters wait upon each sin;
First, fear and shame without, then guilt within.

12. SILENCE.

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk:
God, the Most Wise, is sparing of His talk

13. MIRTH.

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin:
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

14. LOADING AND UNLOADING.

GOD loads and unloads, thus His work begins,
To load with blessings and unload from sins.

15. GOD'S MERCY.

GOD'S boundless mercy is, to sinful man,
Like to the ever-wealthy ocean:
Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis ne'er
Known, or else seen, to be the emptier;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fill'd full, than when full fill'd before.

16. PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE.

GOD, He rejects all prayers that are slight
And want their poise: words ought to have their weight.

17. TO GOD: AN ANTHEM SUNG IN THE CHAPEL AT WHITEHALL BEFORE THE KING.

Verse. MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within.
Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body and my mind.
Verse. In Gilead though no balm be found
To ease this smart or cure this wound,
Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee
All saving health, and help for me.
Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of Thine,
That pours in oil, as well as wine,
Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'll endure
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

18. UPON GOD.

GOD is all fore-part; for, we never see
Any part backward in the Deity.

19. CALLING AND CORRECTING.

GOD is not only merciful to call
Men to repent, but when He strikes withal.

20. NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING.

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares;
But all in smart have less or greater shares.

21. THE ROD.

GOD's rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then
The rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

22. GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART.

GOD, when for sin He makes His children smart,
His own He acts not, but another's part;
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known
He comes to play the part that is His own.

23. GOD IS ONE.

GOD, as He is most holy known,
So He is said to be most one.

24. PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE.

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are
To the beholder and the sufferer:
Bettering them both, but by a double strain,
The first by patience, and the last by pain.

25. TO GOD.

Do with me, God, as Thou didst deal with John,
Who writ that heavenly Revelation.

Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder hear,
Then let the harps enchantments stroke mine ear:
Here give me thorns, there, in Thy kingdom, set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadful night:
My sackcloth here; but there my stole of white.

26. WHIPS.

God has His whips here to a twofold end:
The bad to punish, and the good t' amend.

27. GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

If all transgressions here should have their pay,
What need there then be of a reckoning day?
If God should punish no sin here of men,
His providence who would not question then?

28. TEMPTATION.

Those saints which God loves best,
The devil tempts not least.

29. HIS EJACULATION TO GOD.

My God! look on me with Thine eye
Of pity, not of scrutiny;
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in me.
O then, for mercy's sake, behold
These my eruptions manifold,

Stroke, text *strike*.

And heal me with Thy look or touch :
But if Thou wilt not deign so much,
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

30. GOD'S GIFTS NOT SOON GRANTED.

GOD hears us when we pray, but yet defers
His gifts, to exercise petitioners ;
And though a while He makes requesters stay
With princely hand He'll recompense delay.

31. PERSECUTIONS PURIFY.

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,
To make, not mar her, by this punishment ;
So where He gives the bitter pills, be sure
'Tis not to poison, but to make thee pure.

32. PARDON.

GOD pardons those who do through frailty sin,
But never those that persevere therein.

33. AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy birth, O JESU !
Thou pretty baby, born here,
With sup'rabundant scorn here ;

Who for Thy princely port here,
Hadst for Thy place
Of birth a base
Out-stable for Thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
As Gospel tells,
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

But we with silks, not crewels,
With sundry precious jewels,
And lily-work will dress Thee;
And as we disposses Thee
Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
Sweet babe, for Thee
Of ivory,
And plaister'd round with amber.

The Jews they did disdain Thee,
But we will entertain Thee
With glories to await here,
Upon Thy princely state here;
And more for love than pity,
From year to year,
We'll make Thee, here,
A freeborn of our city.

Crewels, worsteds. *Clouts*, rags.

34. LIP-LABOUR.

In the old Scripture I have often read,
The calf without meal ne'er was offered;
To figure to us nothing more than this,
Without the heart lip-labour nothing is.

35. THE HEART.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

36. EARRINGS.

Why wore th' Egyptians jewels in the ear?
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
When we obey, by acting what we hear.

37. SIN SEEN.

When once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespass seen.

38. UPON TIME.

Time was upon
The wing, to fly away;
And I call'd on
Him but awhile to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then
A writing, as he went;
And ask'd me, when
False man would be content
To pay again
What God and Nature lent.

An hour-glass,
In which were sands but few,
As he did pass,
He show'd, and told me, too,
Mine end near was;
And so away he flew.

39. HIS PETITION.

If war or want shall make me grow so poor,
As for to beg my bread from door to door;
Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart:
He who asks alms in that so sacred Name,
Without due reverence, plays the cheater's game.

40. TO GOD.

Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be
With me in my misery;
Suffer me to be so bold
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

41. HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,

And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair, or doubt;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

42. THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite
God to bestow a second benefit.

43. COCK-CROW.

BELLMAN of night, if I about shall go
For to deny my Master, do thou crow.
Thou stop'dst St. Peter in the midst of sin;
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin:
Better it is, premonish'd for to shun
A sin, than fall to weeping when 'tis done.

44. ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

ADVERSE and prosperous fortunes both work on
Here, for the righteous man's salvation;
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
All serve to th' augmentation of his good.

45. PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE.

AFFLICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

46. TO GOD.

I'LL come, I'll creep, though Thou dost threat,
Humbly unto Thy mercy-seat:
When I am there, this then I'll do,
Give Thee a dart, and dagger too;
Next, when I have my faults confessed,
Naked I'll show a sighing breast;
Which if that can't Thy pity woo,
Then let Thy justice do the rest
And strike it through.

47. A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words or meat;
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unclipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,

Unflead, lit. unflay'd.

And all those other bits, that be
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soils my land;
And giv'st me for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one.
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year,
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

Purslain, an herb.

48. TO GOD.

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,
Or with Thy staff, or with Thy rod;
And be the blow, too, what it will,
Lord, I will kiss it, though it kill:
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
Yet, in torments, I'll commend Thee;
Examine me with fire, and prove me
To the full, yet I will love Thee;
Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound
But I as patient will be found.

49. ANOTHER TO GOD.

LORD, do not beat me,
Since I do sob and cry,
And swoon away to die,
Ere Thou dost threat me.
Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd myself or clothes,
But rather purge me.

50. NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE.

HAPPY'S that man to whom God gives
A stock of goods, whereby he lives
Near to the wishes of his heart:
No man is blest through every part.

51. TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these
So very many meeting hindrances,
That slack my pace, but yet not make me stay?
Who slowly goes, rids, in the end, his way.
Clear Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
Remove the bars, or lift me o'er the stiles;
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up; or else prevent the fall.
I ken my home, and it affords some ease
To see far off the smoking villages.
Fain would I rest, yet covet not to die
For fear of future biting penury:
No, no, my God, Thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

52. ANOTHER.

THOU bid'st me come; I cannot come; for why?
Thou dwell'st aloft, and I want wings to fly.
To mount my soul, she must have pinions given;
For 'tis no easy way from earth to heaven.

53. TO DEATH.

THOU bid'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,

Rids way, gets over the ground.

And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times:
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it:
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry
God mercy, and so die.

54. NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME.

God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall
Down before Baal, Bel, or Belial:
Either be hot or cold: God doth despise,
Abhor, and spew out all neutralities.

55. WELCOME WHAT COMES.

Whatever comes, let's be content withal:
Among God's blessings there is no one small.

56. TO HIS ANGRY GOD.

Through all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;

And day by day,
My cup can say
My wine is mix'd with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead
Each evening and each morrow;
Mine eye and ear
Do see and hear
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steel,
Ah me! I feel
Upon me beating ever:
While my sick heart
With dismal smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure,
But in short time 'twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

57. PATIENCE: OR, COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
Yet none of these have made me sad:
For why? My Saviour with the sense
Of suff'ring gives me patience.

58. ETERNITY.

O YEARS! and age! farewell:
Behold, I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway
The stars; but she
And night shall be
Drown'd in one endless day.

59. TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD: A PRESENT BY A CHILD.

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher;
And tell Him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charm His cries at time of need.

Handsel, earnest money.

Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, He should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of His;
Then never take a second on,
To spoil the first impression.

60. THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

LET others look for pearl and gold,
Tissues, or tabbies manifold:
One only lock of that sweet hay
Whereon the blessed baby lay,
Or one poor swaddling-clout, shall be
The richest New-Year's gift to me.

61. TO GOD.

IF anything delight me for to print
My book, 'tis this: that Thou, my God, art in't.

62. GOD AND THE KING.

How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give
The mind; the king, the means whereby I live.

Tabbies, shot silks.

63. GOD'S MIRTH: MAN'S MOURNING.

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy fears:
What He with laughter speaks, hear thou with tears.

64. HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES.

GIVE me honours! what are these,
But the pleasing hindrances?
Stiles, and stops, and stays that come
In the way 'twixt me and home;
Clear the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven less run than fly.

65. THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

To a love-feast we both invited are:
The figur'd damask, or pure diaper,
Over the golden altar now is spread,
With bread, and wine, and vessels furnished;
The sacred towel and the holy ewer
Are ready by, to make the guests all pure:
Let's go, my Alma; yet, ere we receive,
Fit, fit it is we have our parasceve.
Who to that sweet bread unprepar'd doth come,
Better be starv'd, than but to taste one crumb.

66. TO GOD.

GOD gives not only corn for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed;

Parasceve, preparation.

Bread for our service, bread for show,
Meat for our meals, and fragments too:
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger and the thumb;
But for our glut and for our store,
Fine flour press'd down, and running o'er.

67. A WILL TO BE WORKING.

ALTHOUGH we cannot turn the fervent fit
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the stream of it;
And howsoe'er we have the conquest miss'd,
'Tis for our glory that we did resist.

68. CHRIST'S PART.

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoe'er He comes
To feed or lodge, to have the best of rooms:
Give Him the choice: grant Him the nobler part
Of all the house: the best of all's the heart.

69. RICHES AND POVERTY.

GOD could have made all rich, or all men poor;
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore:
Had all been rich, where then had patience been?
Had all been poor, who had His bounty seen?

70. SOBRIETY IN SEARCH.

To seek of God more than we well can find,
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

71. ALMS.

GIVE, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word:
God crowns our goodness wheresoe'er He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

72. TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private protonotary?
Can I not woo thee to pass by
A short and sweet iniquity?
I'll cast a mist and cloud upon
My delicate transgression
So utter dark as that no eye
Shall see the hugg'd impiety;
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please
And wind all other witnesses;
And wilt not thou with gold be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside?
That in the mirk and tongueless night
Wanton I may, and thou not write?
It will not be. And, therefore, now,
For times to come I'll make this vow,
From aberrations to live free;
So I'll not fear the Judge or thee.

Protonotary, once the title of the chief clerk in the Courts of Common Pleas and King's Bench.

73. TO HIS SAVIOUR.

LORD, I confess, that Thou alone art able
To purify this my Augean stable:
Be the seas water, and the land all soap,
Yet if Thy blood not wash me, there's no hope.

74. TO GOD.

GOD is all sufferance here; here He doth show
No arrow nockt, only a stringless bow:
His arrows fly, and all His stones are hurl'd
Against the wicked in another world.

75. HIS DREAM.

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse
Oil from Thy jar into my cruse;
And pouring still Thy wealthy store,
The vessel full did then run o'er;
Methought I did Thy bounty chide
To see the waste; but 'twas replied
By Thee, dear God, God gives man seed
Ofttimes for waste, as for his need.
Then I could say that house is bare
That has not bread and some to spare.

76. GOD'S BOUNTY.

GOD'S bounty, that ebbs less and less
As men do wane in thankfulness.

Nockt, placed ready for shooting.

77. TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR.

NIGHT hath no wings to him that cannot sleep,
And time seems then not for to fly, but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheel, or crack'd her axletree.
Just so it is with me, who, list'ning, pray
The winds to blow the tedious night away,
That I might see the cheerful, peeping day.
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses:
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death;
Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning hear:
Call, and I'll come; say Thou the when, and where.
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run
And make no one stop till my race be done.

78. HIS CREED.

I DO believe that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:
I do believe that when I rise,
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:
I do believe that I must come,
With others, to the dreadful doom:
I do believe the bad must go
From thence, to everlasting woe:
I do believe the good, and I,
Shall live with Him eternally:
I do believe I shall inherit
Heaven, by Christ's mercies, not my merit:

I do believe the One in Three,
And Three in perfect unity:
Lastly, that JESUS is a deed
Of gift from God: and here's my creed.

79. TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have access:
Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingness.

80. THE LAMP.

WHEN a man's faith is frozen up, as dead;
Then is the lamp and oil extinguished.

81. SORROWS.

SORROWS our portion are: ere hence we go,
Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.

82. PENITENCY.

A MAN'S transgressions God does then remit,
When man He makes a penitent for it.

83. THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER: SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all days!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest

Of all the maiden train! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus, thus, and thus we compass round
Thy harmless and unhaunted ground;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodil
And other flowers lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, liest here,
Of daughters all the dearest dear;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meads; from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad loss, our liberty:
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt:
Lamented maid! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch and victor's song:
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace,
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine,
We offer here, before thy shrine,

Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;
And to make fine
And fresh thy hearse-cloth, we will, here,
Four times bestrew thee ev'ry year.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears:
Receive this offering of our hairs:
Receive these crystal vials fill'd
With tears distill'd
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb; besides, these cauls,
These laces, ribbons, and these falls,
These veils, wherewith we use to hide
The bashful bride,
When we conduct her to her groom:
And all we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yearly festivals
We cowslip balls
Or chains of columbines shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no; our maiden pleasures be
Wrapp'd in the winding-sheet with thee:
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave:
Or, if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Cauls, nets for the hair.
Falls, trimmings hanging loosely.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise:
May sweets grow here: and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense:
Let balm and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden-monument.

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boisterous winds, or storms, come hither
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shy maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tomb with flow'rs:
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-incense burn
Upon thine altar! then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

84. TO GOD: ON HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT though my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have?
What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie number'd with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring; though now a wither'd flower.

Male-incense, incense in globular drops.

85. SINS LOATHED, AND YET LOVED.

Shame checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis prov'd
Sins first dislik'd are after that belov'd.

86. SIN.

Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
The following plague still treading on his heels.

87. UPON GOD.

God, when He takes my goods and chattels hence,
Gives me a portion, giving patience:
What is in God is God; if so it be
He patience gives, He gives Himself to me.

88. FAITH.

What here we hope for, we shall once inherit;
By faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

89. HUMILITY.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go:
High is the roof there; but the gate is low:
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye:
Grace is increased by humility.

90. TEARS.

Our present tears here, not our present laughter,
Are but the handsels of our joys hereafter.

91. SIN AND STRIFE.

After true sorrow for our sins, our strife
Must last with Satan to the end of life.

92. AN ODE, OR PSALM TO GOD.

Dear God,
If Thy smart rod
Here did not make me sorry,
I should not be
With Thine or Thee
In Thy eternal glory.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sins by gently striking;
Add still to those
First stripes new blows,
According to Thy liking.

Fear me,
Or scourging tear me;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from hell
Fly up to dwell
With Thee and Thine in heaven.

Handsels, earnest money, foretaste.

93. GRACES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ, His sake:
Be the meal of beans and peas,
God be thanked for those and these:
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the king;
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

94. GOD TO BE FIRST SERVED.

HONOUR thy parents; but good manners call
Thee to adore thy God the first of all.

95. ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD.

HERE a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

96. A CHRISTMAS CAROL SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL.

Chor. WHAT sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing

Paddocks, frogs.

The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

FROM THE FLOURISH THEY CAME TO THE SONG.

1. DARK and dull night, fly hence away
And give the honour to this day
That sees December turn'd to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year.

3. Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus, on the sudden?

4. Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who, with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room

Division, a rapid passage of music sung in one breath or a single syllable.

To welcome Him.

2. The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honour; who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

The musical part was composed by M. Henry Lawes.

97. THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT: OR, CIRCUMCISION'S SONG. SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL.

1. PREPARE for songs; He's come, He's come;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with lutes to fill the room.

2. Cast holy water all about,
And have a care no fire goes out,
But 'cense the porch and place throughout.

3. The altars all on fire be;
The storax fries; and ye may see
How heart and hand do all agree
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet than He.

4. Bring Him along, most pious priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou seest
His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,
And hear'st His whimpering and His cries;
How can'st thou this Babe circumcise?

5. Ye must not be more pitiful than wise;
For, now unless ye see Him bleed,
Which makes the bapti'm, 'tis decreed
The birth is fruitless. *Chor.* Then the work God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch; and here
Spring tulips up through all the year;
And from His sacred blood, here shed,
May roses grow to crown His own dear head.

Chor. Back, back again; each thing is done
With zeal alike, as 'twas begun;
Now singing, homeward let us carry
The Babe unto His mother Mary;
And when we have the Child commended
To her warm bosom, then our rites are ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

98. ANOTHER NEW-YEAR'S GIFT: OR, SONG FOR THE CIRCUMCISION.

1. HENCE, hence profane, and none appear
With anything unhallowed here;
No jot of leaven must be found
Conceal'd in this most holy ground.

2. What is corrupt, or sour'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in;

Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
Before ye purge and circumcise
Your hearts, and hands, lips, ears, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd altar, see
That all things sweet and clean may be:
For here's a Babe that, like a bride,
Will blush to death if ought be spi'd
Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

Chor. The room is 'cens'd: help, help t' invoke
Heaven to come down, the while we choke
The temple with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the birth
Of Him, who's Lord of Heaven and Earth:

5. And softly handle Him; y'ad need,
Because the pretty Babe does bleed.
Poor pitied Child! who from Thy stall
Bring'st, in Thy blood, a balm that shall
Be the best New-Year's gift to all.

1. Let's bless the Babe: and, as we sing
His praise, so let us bless the King.

Chor. Long may He live till He hath told
His New-Years trebled to His old:
And when that's done, to re-aspire
A new-born Phœnix from His own chaste fire.

99. GOD'S PARDON.

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespass here;
For once in hell, none knows remission there.

100. SIN.

SIN once reached up to God's eternal sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

101. EVIL.

EVIL no nature hath; the loss of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

102. THE STAR-SONG: A CAROL TO THE KING SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

The Flourish of Music; then followed the Song.

1. TELL us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lily-banks among?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find him out.

Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest
A Princely Babe in's mother's breast.

Chor. He's seen, He's seen! why then a round,
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground;
And all rejoice that we have found
A King before conception crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty Twelfth-tide King,
Each one his several offering;

Chor. And when night comes, we'll give Him wassailing;
And that His treble honours may be seen,
We'll choose Him King, and make His mother Queen.

103. TO GOD.

With golden censers, and with incense, here
Before Thy virgin-altar I appear,
To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see
In, or without, all, all belongs to Thee.
Where shall I now begin to make, for one
Least loan of Thine, half restitution?
Alas! I cannot pay a jot; therefore
I'll kiss the tally, and confess the score.
Ten thousand talents lent me, Thou dost write;
'Tis true, my God; but I can't pay one mite.

Tally, the record of his score or debt.

104. TO HIS DEAR GOD.

I'LL hope no more
For things that will not come;
And if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe;
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor
Than so t' abound
As to be drown'd
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avaunt!
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock Thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God, me grant;
But that, or this,
That hurtful is,
Deny Thy suppliant.

105. TO GOD: HIS GOOD WILL.

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.
Where rams are wanting, or large bullocks' thighs,
There a poor lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
Take then his vows, who, if he had it, would
Devote to Thee both incense, myrrh and gold
Upon an altar rear'd by him, and crown'd
Both with the ruby, pearl, and diamond.

106. ON HEAVEN.

PERMIT mine eyes to see
Part, or the whole of Thee,
O happy place!
Where all have grace,
And garlands shar'd,
For their reward;
Where each chaste soul
In long white stole,
And palms in hand,
Do ravish'd stand;
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One
That fill the Throne;
While harps and viols then
To voices say, Amen.

107. THE SUM AND THE SATISFACTION.

LAST night I drew up mine account,
And found my debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I should pay 's impossible.
Well, this I'll do: my mighty score
Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before;
But therewithal I'll bring the band
Which, in full force, did daring stand

Score, debt or reckoning.
Band, bond. *Daring*, frightening.

Till my Redeemer, on the tree,
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if thou bidst me pay, or go
Unto the prison, I'll say, no;
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:
For, this is sure, the debt is dead
By law, the bond once cancelled.

108. GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth bring
Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing.
With trials those, with terrors these He proves,
And hazards those most whom the most He loves;
For Sceva, darts; for Cocles, dangers; thus
He finds a fire for mighty Mutius;
Death for stout Cato; and besides all these,
A poison, too, He has for Socrates;
Torments for high Attilius; and, with want,
Brings in Fabricius for a combatant:
But bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

109. GOOD CHRISTIANS

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,
Till they be hid o'er with a wood of darts.

110. THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE.

WHEN man is punish'd, he is plagued still,
Not for the fault of nature, but of will.

111. TO HEAVEN.

Open thy gates
To him, who weeping waits,
And might come in,
But that held back by sin.
Let mercy be
So kind to set me free,
And I will straight
Come in, or force the gate

112. THE RECOMPENSE.

All I have lost that could be rapt from me;
And fare it well: yet, Herrick, if so be
Thy dearest Saviour renders thee but one
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

113. TO GOD.

Pardon me, God, once more I Thee entreat,
That I have placed Thee in so mean a seat
Where round about Thou seest but all things vain,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd and profane.
But as Heaven's public and immortal eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby,
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinful book:
Let but one beam of glory on it shine,
And that will make me and my work divine.

114. TO GOD.

LORD, I am like to mistletoe,
Which has no root, and cannot grow
Or prosper but by that same tree
It clings about; so I by Thee.
What need I then to fear at all,
So long as I about Thee crawl?
But if that tree should fall and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

115. HIS WISH TO GOD.

I WOULD to God that mine old age might have
Before my last, but here a living grave,
Some one poor almshouse; there to lie, or stir
Ghostlike, as in my meaner sepulchre;
A little piggin and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity,
Which rightly used, both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore and after-grace.
Thy Cross, my Christ, fix'd 'fore mine eyes should be,
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
So, here the remnant of my days I'd spend,
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; so end.

116. SATAN.

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
He tears and tugs us than he did before;
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
Whom ease makes his without the help of blows.

Piggin, a small wooden vessel.

117. HELL.

HELL is no other but a soundless pit,
Where no one beam of comfort peeps in it.

118. THE WAY.

WHEN I a ship see on the seas,
Cuft'd with those wat'ry savages,
And therewithal behold it hath
In all that way no beaten path,
Then, with a wonder, I confess
Thou art our way i' th' wilderness;
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

119. GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY.

THE less our sorrows here and suff'rings cease,
The more our crowns of glory there increase.

120. HELL.

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,
But no one jailer there to wash the wounds.

121. THE BELLMAN.

ALONG the dark and silent night,
With my lantern and my light,

And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulness call on
To the gen'ral session,
To whose dismal bar we there
All accounts must come to clear.
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
Wip'd out few, God knows, if any.
Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall
To make payment while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone;
By the clock 'tis almost one.

122. THE GOODNESS OF HIS GOD.

When winds and seas do rage
  And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath assuage
  If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
  Did seek my soul to swallow,
But by the peep of light
  A gentle calm did follow.

What need I then despair,
  Though ills stand round about me;
Since mischiefs neither dare
  To bark or bite without Thee?

123. THE WIDOWS' TEARS: OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.

COME pity us, all ye who see
Our harps hung on the willow tree:
Come pity us, ye passers-by
Who see or hear poor widows cry:
Come pity us; and bring your ears
And eyes to pity widows' tears.
Chor. And when you are come hither
Then we will keep
A fast, and weep
Our eyes out altogether.

For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
Clean washed, and laid out for the bier,
O modest matrons, weep and wail!
For now the corn and wine must fail:
The basket and the bin of bread,
Wherewith so many souls were fed,
Chor. Stand empty here for ever:
And ah! the poor
At thy worn door
Shall be relieved never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day
That 'reaved us of thee, Tabitha!
For we have lost with thee the meal,
The bits, the morsels, and the deal
Of gentle paste and yielding dough
That thou on widows did'st bestow.

Deal, portion.

Chor. All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundy; thus
Thy widows stand forsaken.

Ah, Dorcas, Dorcas! now adieu
We bid the cruse and pannier too:
Ay, and the flesh, for and the fish
Doled to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loom
From whence the housewives' cloth did come:
Chor. The web affords now nothing;
Thou being dead,
The worsted thread
Is cut, that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax and reaming wool
With which thy house was plentiful;
Farewell the coats, the garments, and
The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand;
Farewell thy fire and thy light
That ne'er went out by day or night:
Chor. No, or thy zeal so speedy,
That found a way
By peep of day,
To feed and cloth the needy.

But, ah, alas! the almond bough
And olive branch is withered now.

Maundy, the alms given on Thursday in Holy Week.
Reaming, drawing out into threads.

The wine press now is ta'en from us,
The saffron and the calamus.
The spice and spikenard hence is gone,
The storax and the cinnamon.
Chor. The carol of our gladness
Has taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turned to sadness.

How wise wast thou in all thy ways!
How worthy of respect and praise!
How matron-like didst thou go dressed!
How soberly above the rest
Of those that prank it with their plumes,
And jet it with their choice perfumes!
Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing:
Nor did the street
Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see
A deal of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shows thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all-diffused grace!
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotless white,
And comely as the chrysolite!
Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Clean heap of wheat,
All set about with lilies.

Calamus, a fragrant plant, the sweet flag.
Chrysolite, the topaz.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will show these garments made by thee;
These were the coats, in these are read
The monuments of Dorcas dead.
These were thy acts, and thou shalt have
These hung as honours o'er thy grave;
Chor. And after us, distressed,
Should fame be dumb,
Thy very tomb
Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

124. TO GOD IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.

RAPINE has yet took nought from me;
But if it please my God I be
Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankful still for it.
I have been grateful for my store:
Let me say grace when there's no more.

125. TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

THAT little pretty bleeding part
Of foreskin send to me:
And I'll return a bleeding heart
For New-Year's gift to Thee.

Rich is the gem that Thou did'st send,
Mine's faulty too and small;
But yet this gift Thou wilt commend
Because I send Thee all.

126. DOOMSDAY.

LET not that day God's friends and servants scare;
The bench is then their place, and not the bar.

127. THE POOR'S PORTION.

THE sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poor:
Wheat, barley, rye, or oats; what is't
But He takes toll of? all the grist.
Two raiments have I: Christ then makes
This law; that He and I part stakes.
Or have I two loaves, then I use
The poor to cut, and I to choose.

128. THE WHITE ISLAND: OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST.

IN this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes
Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity
Uniting:

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never to
Have ending.

129. TO CHRIST.

I CRAWL, I creep; my Christ, I come
To Thee for curing balsamum:
Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the tree
Affording salve of sovereignty.
My mouth I'll lay unto Thy wound
Bleeding, that no blood touch the ground:
For, rather than one drop shall fall
To waste, my JESU, I'll take all.

130. TO GOD.

GOD! to my little meal and oil
Add but a bit of flesh to boil:
And Thou my pipkinet shalt see,
Give a wave-off'ring unto Thee.

131. FREE WELCOME.

God He refuseth no man, but makes way
For all that now come or hereafter may.

132. GOD'S GRACE.

God's grace deserves here to be daily fed
That, thus increased, it might be perfected.

133. COMING TO CHRIST.

To him who longs unto his Christ to go,
Celerity even itself is slow.

134. CORRECTION.

God had but one Son free from sin; but none
Of all His sons free from correction.

135. GOD'S BOUNTY.

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known
To give us more than hope can fix upon.

136. KNOWLEDGE.

Science in God is known to be
A substance, not a quality.

137 SALUTATION.

CHRIST, I have read, did to His chaplains say,
Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way:
Not that He taught His ministers to be
Unsmooth or sour to all civility,
But to instruct them to avoid all snares
Of tardidation in the Lord's affairs.
Manners are good; but till His errand ends,
Salute we must nor strangers, kin, or friends.

138. LASCIVIOUSNESS.

LASCIVIOUSNESS is known to be
The sister to saturity.

139. TEARS.

GOD from our eyes all tears hereafter wipes,
And gives His children kisses then, not stripes.

140. GOD'S BLESSING.

IN vain our labours are whatsoe'er they be,
Unless God gives the benedicite.

141. GOD, AND LORD.

GOD is His name of nature; but that word
Implies His power when He's called the LORD.

Tardidation, sloth.

142. THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

GOD hides from man the reck'ning day, that he
May fear it ever for uncertainty;
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it every day.

143. ANGELS.

ANGELS are called gods; yet of them, none
Are gods but by participation:
As just men are entitled gods, yet none
Are gods of them but by adoption.

144. LONG LIFE.

THE longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

145. TEARS.

THE tears of saints more sweet by far
Than all the songs of sinners are.

146. MANNA.

THAT manna, which God on His people cast,
Fitted itself to ev'ry feeder's taste.

147. REVERENCE.

TRUE rev'rence is, as Cassiodore doth prove,
The fear of God commix'd with cleanly love.

Cassiodore, Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus, theologian and statesman 497-575?).

148. MERCY.

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a deity.

149. WAGES.

AFTER this life, the wages shall
Not shared alike be unto all.

150. TEMPTATION.

GOD tempteth no one, as St. Austin saith,
For any ill, but for the proof of faith;
Unto temptation God exposeth some,
But none of purpose to be overcome.

151. GOD'S HANDS.

GOD'S hands are round and smooth, that gifts may fall
Freely from them and hold none back at all.

152. LABOUR.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard
I' th' forum here, or vineyard.

153. MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

THE time the bridegroom stays from hence
Is but the time of penitence.

154. ROARING.

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part
Forced from the mighty dolour of the heart.

155. THE EUCHARIST.

He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound;
The salve for this i' th' Eucharist is found.

156. SIN SEVERELY PUNISHED.

GOD in His own day will be then severe
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

157. MONTES SCRIPTURARUM: THE MOUNTS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THE mountains of the Scriptures are, some say,
Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua:
The prophets, mountains of the Old are meant,
Th' apostles, mounts of the New Testament.

158. PRAYER.

A PRAYER that is said alone
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for when thou dost pray,
And those great are which ne'er decay.
Pray not for silver, rust eats this;
Ask not for gold, which metal is;
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth: *such vows ne'er reach God's ear.*

159. CHRIST'S SADNESS.

CHRIST was not sad, i' th' garden, for His own
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

160. GOD HEARS US.

GOD, who's in heaven, will hear from thence;
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense.

161. GOD.

GOD, as the learned Damascene doth write,
A sea of substance is, indefinite.

162. CLOUDS.

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come
In clouds descending to the public doom.

163. COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS.

THE same who crowns the conqueror, will be
A coadjutor in the agony.

164. HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is most fair; but fairer He
That made that fairest canopy.

165. GOD.

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be
Even God Himself, in perfect entity.

The learned Damascene, i.e., St. John of Damascus.

166. HIS POWER.

GOD can do all things, save but what are known
For to imply a contradiction.

167. CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSS: MY GOD, MY GOD.

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadful cross upon,
Had, as it were, a dereliction
In this regard, in those great terrors He
Had no one beam from God's sweet majesty.

168. JEHOVAH.

JEHOVAH, as Boëtius saith,
No number of the plural hath.

169. CONFUSION OF FACE.

GOD then confounds man's face when He not hears
The vows of those who are petitioners.

170. ANOTHER.

THE shame of man's face is no more
Than prayers repell'd, says Cassiodore.

171. BEGGARS.

JACOB God's beggar was; and so we wait,
Though ne'er so rich, all beggars at His gate.

Dereliction, abandonment.

172. GOOD AND BAD.

THE bad among the good are here mix'd ever;
The good without the bad are here plac'd never.

173. SIN.

Sin no existence; nature none it hath,
Or good at all, as learned Aquinas saith.

174. MARTHA, MARTHA.

THE repetition of the name made known
No other than Christ's full affection.

175. YOUTH AND AGE.

GOD on our youth bestows but little ease;
But on our age most sweet indulgences.

176. GOD'S POWER.

GOD is so potent, as His power can
Draw out of bad a sovereign good to man.

177. PARADISE.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather,
A choir of bless'd souls circling in the Father.

178. OBSERVATION.

THE Jews, when they built houses, I have read,
One part thereof left still unfinished,
To make them thereby mindful of their own
City's most sad and dire destruction.

179. THE ASS.

GOD did forbid the Israelites to bring
An ass unto Him for an offering,
Only, by this dull creature, to express
His detestation to all slothfulness.

180. OBSERVATION.

THE Virgin Mother stood at distance, there,
From her Son's cross, not shedding once a tear,
Because the law forbad to sit and cry
For those who did as malefactors die.
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
Tortured her love not to transgress the law.
Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,
And th' other Mary, Mary Magdalen,
Sat by the grave; and sadly sitting there,
Shed for their Master many a bitter tear;
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead
And then to weep they both were licensed.

181. TAPERS.

THOSE tapers which we set upon the grave
In fun'ral pomp, but this importance have:

That souls departed are not put out quite;
But as they walked here in their vestures white,
So live in heaven in everlasting light.

182. CHRIST'S BIRTH.

ONE birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
Was, or will be a second like to it.

183. THE VIRGIN MARY.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown
At once a bud and yet a rose full-blown.

184. ANOTHER.

As sunbeams pierce the glass, and streaming in,
No crack or schism leave i' th' subtle skin:
So the Divine Hand worked and brake no thread,
But, in a mother, kept a maidenhead.

185. GOD.

GOD, in the holy tongue, they call
The place that filleth all in all.

186. ANOTHER OF GOD.

GOD'S said to leave this place, and for to come
Nearer to that place than to other some,
Of local motion, in no least respect,
But only by impression of effect.

187. ANOTHER.

GOD is Jehovah call'd : which name of His
Implies or Essence, or the He that Is.

188. GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD'S evident, and may be said to be
Present with just men, to the verity ;
But with the wicked if He doth comply,
'Tis, as St. Bernard saith, but seemingly.

189. GOD'S DWELLING.

GOD'S said to dwell there, wheresoever He
Puts down some prints of His high Majesty ;
As when to man He comes, and there doth place
His Holy Spirit, or doth plant His Grace.

190. THE VIRGIN MARY.

THE Virgin Mary was, as I have read,
The House of God, by Christ inhabited ;
Into the which He entered, but, the door
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

191. TO GOD.

GOD'S undivided, One in Persons Three,
And Three in inconfused unity.
Original of Essence there is none,
'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Son :
And though the Father be the first of Three,
'Tis but by order, not by entity.

192. UPON WOMAN AND MARY.

So long, it seem'd, as Mary's faith was small,
Christ did her woman, not her Mary call;
But no more woman, being strong in faith,
But Mary call'd then, as St. Ambrose saith.

193. NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE Jews their beds and offices of ease,
Placed north and south for these clean purposes;
That man's uncomely froth might not molest
God's ways and walks, which lie still east and west.

194. SABBATHS.

SABBATHS are threefold, as St. Austin says:
The first of time, or Sabbath here of days;
The second is a conscience trespass-free;
The last the Sabbath of Eternity.

195. THE FAST, OR LENT.

NOAH the first was, as tradition says,
That did ordain the fast of forty days.

196. SIN.

THERE is no evil that we do commit,
But hath th' extraction of some good from it:
As when we sin, God, the great Chemist, thence
Draws out th' elixir of true penitence.

197. GOD.

GOD is more here than in another place,
Not by His essence, but commerce of grace.

198. THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.

GOD hath this world for many made, 'tis true:
But He hath made the World to Come for few.

199. EASE.

GOD gives to none so absolute an ease
As not to know or feel some grievances.

200. BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS.

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well;
Judas began well, but he foully fell:
In godliness not the beginnings so
Much as the ends are to be look'd unto.

201. TEMPORAL GOODS.

THESE temporal goods God, the most wise, commends
To th' good and bad in common for two ends:
First, that these goods none here may o'er-esteem
Because the wicked do partake of them;
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun,
Being, oft here, the just man's portion.

202. HELL FIRE.

THE fire of hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine, as learned Basil saith.

203. ABEL'S BLOOD.

SPEAK, did the blood of Abel cry
To God for vengeance? Yes, say I,
Ev'n as the sprinkled blood called on
God for an expiation.

204. ANOTHER

THE blood of Abel was a thing
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,
As that the old world thought it fit
Especially to swear by it.

205. A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.

ONE man repentant is of more esteem
With God, than one that never sinned 'gainst Him.

206. PENITENCE.

THE doctors, in the Talmud, say,
That in this world one only day
In true repentance spent will be
More worth than heaven's eternity.

207. GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD'S present everywhere, but most of all
Present by union hypostatical:
God, He is there, where's nothing else, schools say,
And nothing else is there where He's away.

208. THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE AND PROBABLE.

FOR each one body that i' th' earth is sown,
There's an uprising but of one for one;
But for each grain that in the ground is thrown,
Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for one:
So that the wonder is not half so great
Of ours as is the rising of the wheat.

209. CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhor us,
Who hath more suffered by us far, than for us.

210. SINNERS.

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when, the learned schoolmen say,
Men's sins destroyed are when they repent,
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

211. TEMPTATIONS.

NO man is tempted so but may o'ercome,
If that he has a will to masterdom.

Hypostatical, personal.

212. PITY AND PUNISHMENT.

GOD doth embrace the good with love; and gains
The good by mercy, as the bad by pains.

213. GOD'S PRICE AND MAN'S PRICE.

GOD bought man here with His heart's blood expense;
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

214. CHRIST'S ACTION.

CHRIST never did so great a work but there
His human nature did in part appear;
Or ne'er so mean a piece but men might see
Therein some beams of His Divinity:
So that in all He did there did combine
His human nature and His part divine.

215. PREDESTINATION.

PREDESTINATION is the cause alone
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

216. ANOTHER.

ART thou not destin'd? then with haste go on
To make thy fair predestination:
If thou can'st change thy life, God then will please
To change, or call back, His past sentences.

217. SIN.

SIN never slew a soul unless there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

218. ANOTHER.

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall
Say 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

219. ANOTHER.

SIN is the cause of death; and sin's alone
The cause of God's predestination:
And from God's prescience of man's sin doth flow
Our destination to eternal woe.

220. PRESCIENCE.

GOD'S prescience makes none sinful; but th' offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's prescience.

221. CHRIST.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe'er they be,
Christ is the one sufficient remedy.

222. CHRIST'S INCARNATION.

CHRIST took our nature on Him, not that He
'Bove all things loved it for the purity:
No, but He dress'd Him with our human trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

223. HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here;
Yet it is given to the labourer.

224. GOD'S KEYS

GOD has four keys, which He reserves alone:
The first of rain; the key of hell next known;
With the third key He opes and shuts the womb;
And with the fourth key he unlocks the tomb.

225. SIN.

THERE'S no constraint to do amiss,
Whereas but one enforcement is.

226. ALMS.

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,
May chance to be no other man but Christ.

227. HELL FIRE.

ONE only fire has hell; but yet it shall
Not after one sort there excruciate all:
But look, how each transgressor onward went
Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

228. TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean?
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

229. NO TIME IN ETERNITY.

By hours we all live here; in Heaven is known
No spring of time, or time's succession.

230. HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.

Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
Blest with the meditation of my end:
Though they be few in number, I'm content:
If otherwise, I stand indifferent.
Nor makes it matter Nestor's years to tell,
If man lives long and if he live not well.
A multitude of days still heaped on,
Seldom brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life should be withstood;
Nor would I care how short it were, if good:
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing-bell
Possess my thoughts, "Next comes my doleful knell";
And when the night persuades me to my bed,
I'll think I'm going to be buried.
So shall the blankets which come over me
Present those turfs which once must cover me:
And with as firm behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in as my winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bathe his body in mine eyes,
I will believe that then my body dies:
And if I chance to wake and rise thereon,
I'll have in mind my resurrection,
Which must produce me to that General Doom,
To which the peasant, so the prince, must come,
To hear the Judge give sentence on the throne,
Without the least hope of affection.
Tears, at that day, shall make but weak defence,
When hell and horror fright the conscience.
Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin

Affection, partiality.

To shun the least temptation to a sin;
Though to be tempted be no sin, until
Man to th' alluring object gives his will.
Such let my life assure me, when my breath
Goes thieving from me, I am safe in death;
Which is the height of comfort: when I fall,
I rise triumphant in my funeral.

231. CLOTHES FOR CONTINUANCE.

THOSE garments lasting evermore,
Are works of mercy to the poor,
Which neither tettar, time, or moth
Shall fray that silk or fret this cloth.

232. TO GOD.

COME to me, God; but do not come
To me as to the General Doom
In power; or come Thou in that state
When Thou Thy laws did'st promulgate,
Whenas the mountain quaked for dread,
And sullen clouds bound up his head.
No; lay Thy stately terrors by
To talk with me familiarly;
For if Thy thunder-claps I hear,
I shall less swoon than die for fear.
Speak Thou of love and I'll reply
By way of Epithalamy,
Or sing of mercy and I'll suit
To it my viol and my lute;
Thus let Thy lips but love distil,
Then come, my God, and hap what will.

Tettar, scab.
Mountain, orig. ed. *mountains*.

233. THE SOUL.

WHEN once the soul has lost her way,
O then how restless does she stray!
And having not her God for light,
How does she err in endless night!

234. THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

IN doing justice God shall then be known,
Who showing mercy here, few prized, or none.

235. SUFFERINGS.

WE merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes than God lays on the sufferer.

236. PAIN AND PLEASURE.

GOD suffers not His saints and servants dear
To have continual pain or pleasure here;
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turns their grief and jollity.

237. GOD'S PRESENCE.

GOD is all-present to whate'er we do,
And as all-present, so all-filling too.

238. ANOTHER.

THAT there's a God we all do know,
But what God is we cannot show.

239. THE POOR MAN'S PART.

TELL me, rich man, for what intent
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?
Whenas the poor cry out: To us
Belongs all gold superfluous.

240. THE RIGHT HAND.

GOD has a right hand, but is quite bereft
Of that which we do nominate the left.

241. THE STAFF AND ROD.

Two instruments belong unto our God:
The one a staff is and the next a rod;
That if the twig should chance too much to smart,
The staff might come to play the friendly part.

242. GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING.

GOD still rewards us more than our desert;
But when He strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

243. CONFESSION.

CONFESSION twofold is, as Austin says,
The first of sin is, and the next of praise.
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confess:
If well, then chant God's praise with cheerfulness.

244. GOD'S DESCENT.

God is then said for to descend, when He
Doth here on earth some thing of novity;
As when in human nature He works more
Than ever yet the like was done before.

245. NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.

Good and great God! how should I fear
To come to Thee if Christ not there!
Could I but think He would not be
Present to plead my cause for me,
To hell I'd rather run than I
Would see Thy face and He not by.

246. ANOTHER TO GOD.

Though Thou be'st all that active love
Which heats those ravished souls above;
And though all joys spring from the glance
Of Thy most winning countenance;
Yet sour and grim Thou'dst seem to me
If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

247. THE RESURRECTION.

That Christ did die, the pagan saith;
But that He rose, that's Christians' faith.

248. CO-HEIRS.

We are co-heirs with Christ; nor shall His own
Heirship be less by our adoption.
The number here of heirs shall from the state
Of His great birthright nothing derogate.

249. THE NUMBER OF TWO.

God hates the dual number, being known
The luckless number of division;
And when He bless'd each sev'ral day whereon
He did His curious operation,
'Tis never read there, as the fathers say,
God bless'd His work done on the second day;
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by ourselves, or from the pulpit read.

250. HARDENING OF HEARTS.

God's said our hearts to harden then,
Whenas His grace not supples men.

251. THE ROSE.

Before man's fall the rose was born,
St. Ambrose says, without the thorn;
But for man's fault then was the thorn
Without the fragrant rose-bud born;
But ne'er the rose without the thorn.

252. GOD'S TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.

GOD doth not promise here to man that He
Will free him quickly from his misery;
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
Then He will give a happy end to it.

253. BAPTISM.

THE strength of baptism that's within,
It saves the soul by drowning sin.

254. GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE.

GOLD serves for tribute to the king,
The frankincense for God's offring.

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent,
Will add a power to keep me innocent;
That I shall ne'er that trespass recommit
When I have done true penance here for it.

256. THE CHEWING THE CUD.

WHEN well we speak and nothing do that's good,
We not divide the hoof, but chew the cud;

But when good words by good works have their
proof,
We then both chew the cud and cleave the hoof.

257. CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING.

THY former coming was to cure
My soul's most desp'rate calenture;
Thy second advent, that must be
To heal my earth's infirmity.

258. TO GOD, HIS GIFT.

AS my little pot doth boil,
We will keep this level-coil,
That a wave-and I will bring
To my God a heave-offering.

259. GOD'S ANGER.

GOD can't be wrathful: but we may conclude
Wrathful He may be by similitude:
God's wrathful said to be, when He doth do
That without wrath which wrath doth force us to.

260. GOD'S COMMANDS.

IN God's commands ne'er ask the reason why;
Let thy obedience be the best reply.

Calenture, delirium caused by excessive heat.
Level-coil, the old Christmas game of changing chairs: to "keep level-coil" means to change about.

261. TO GOD.

If I have played the truant, or have here
Failed in my part, oh! Thou that art my dear,
My mild, my loving tutor, Lord and God!
Correct my errors gently with Thy rod.
I know that faults will many here be found,
But where sin swells there let Thy grace abound.

262. TO GOD.

The work is done; now let my laurel be
Given by none but by Thyself to me:
That done, with honour Thou dost me create
Thy poet, and Thy prophet Laureate.

263. GOOD FRIDAY: REX TRAGICUS; OR, CHRIST GOING TO HIS CROSS.

Put off Thy robe of purple, then go on
To the sad place of execution:
Thine hour is come, and the tormentor stands
Ready to pierce Thy tender feet and hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
Th' inconstant and unpurged multitude
Yawn for Thy coming; some ere this time cry,
How He defers, how loath He is to die!
Amongst this scum, the soldier with his spear
And that sour fellow with his vinegar,

His sponge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost stay;
So do the scurf and bran too. Go Thy way,
Thy way, Thou guiltless man, and satisfy
By Thine approach each their beholding eye.
Not as a thief shalt Thou ascend the mount,
But like a person of some high account;
The Cross shall be Thy stage, and Thou shalt there
The spacious field have for Thy theatre.
Thou art that Roscius and that marked-out man
That must this day act the tragedian
To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He
Whom all the flux of nations comes to see,
Not those poor thieves that act their parts with Thee;
Those act without regard, when once a king
And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering.
No, no; this scene from Thee takes life, and sense,
And soul, and spirit, plot and excellence.
Why then, begin, great King! ascend Thy throne,
And thence proceed to act Thy Passion
To such an height, to such a period raised,
As hell, and earth, and heav'n may stand amazed.
God and good angels guide Thee; and so bless
Thee in Thy several parts of bitterness,
That those who see Thee nail'd unto the tree
May, though they scorn Thee, praise and pity Thee.
And we, Thy lovers, while we see Thee keep
The laws of action, will both sigh and weep,
And bring our spices to embalm Thee dead;
That done, we'll see Thee sweetly buried.

Scurf and bran, the rabble.

264. HIS WORDS TO CHRIST GOING TO THE CROSS.

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
All Thy disciples Thee forsook and fled.
Let their example not a pattern be
For me to fly, but now to follow Thee.

265. ANOTHER TO HIS SAVIOUR

IF Thou be'st taken, God forbid
I fly from Thee, as others did:
But if Thou wilt so honour me
As to accept my company,
I'll follow Thee, hap hap what shall,
Both to the judge and judgment hall:
And, if I see Thee posted there,
To be all-flayed with whipping-cheer,
I'll take my share; or else, my God,
Thy stripes I'll kiss, or burn the rod.

266. HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS GOING TO THE CROSS.

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye
Who pass this way, to pity Me,
Who am a man of misery!

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for Mine own,
But for My friends' transgression!

Ah! Sion's daughters, do not fear
The cross, the cords, the nails, the spear,
The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath;
Only there's left a little froth,

Less for to taste than for to show
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had He not drank them up for you.

267. HIS ANTHEM TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,
With one and all parts full of pain:
When I Thy gentle heart do see
Pierced through and dropping blood for me,
I'll call, and cry out, thanks to Thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soul to think
That for my sin Thou, Thou must drink,
Even Thou alone, the bitter cup
Of fury and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all
The vinegar, the myrrh, the gall:

Vers. Chor. But I will sip a little wine;
Which done, Lord, say: The rest is Mine.

268.

This crosstree here
Doth Jesus bear,
Who sweet'ned first
The death accurs'd.

HERE all things ready are, make haste, make **haste away**;
For long this work will be, and very short **this day.**
Why then, go on to act: here's wonders to be **done**
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth hour be **run**;
Or ere dark clouds do dull or dead the mid-day's sun.

Act when Thou wilt,
Blood will be spilt;
Pure balm, that shall
Bring health to all.
Why then, begin
To pour first in
Some drops of wine,
Instead of brine,
To search the wound
So long unsound:
And, when that's done,
Let oil next run
To cure the sore
Sin made before.
And O! dear Christ,
E'en as Thou di'st,
Look down, and see
Us weep for Thee.
And tho', love knows,
Thy dreadful woes
We cannot ease,
Yet do Thou please,
Who mercy art,
T' accept each heart
That gladly would
Help if it could.
Meanwhile let me,
Beneath this tree,
This honour have,
To make my grave.

269. TO HIS SAVIOUR'S SEPULCHRE: HIS DEVOTION.

HAIL, holy and all-honour'd tomb,
By no ill haunted; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy room.
I'll not profane by soil of sin
Thy door as I do enter in;
For I have washed both hand and heart,
This, that, and every other part,
So that I dare, with far less fear
Than full affection, enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kiss Thy stone
With a warm lip and solemn one:
And as I kiss I'll here and there
Dress Thee with flow'ry diaper.
How sweet this place is! as from hence
Flowed all Panchaia's frankincense;
Or rich Arabia did commix,
Here, all her rare aromatics.
Let me live ever here, and stir
No one step from this sepulchre.
Ravish'd I am! and down I lie
Confused in this brave ecstasy.
Here let me rest; and let me have
This for my heaven that was Thy grave:
And, coveting no higher sphere,
I'll my eternity spend here.

Panchaia, a fabulous spice island in the Erythrean Sea.

270. HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT THE SEPULCHRE.

To join with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulchre,
Devotion bids me hither bring
Somewhat for my thank-offering.
Lo! thus I bring a virgin flower,
To dress my Maiden Saviour.

271. HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHRE.

HENCE they have borne my Lord; behold! the stone
Is rolled away and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white angel, what is now become
Of Him we lately sealed up in this tomb?
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish hell as here He conquered death?
If so, I'll thither follow without fear,
And live in hell if that my Christ stays there.

OF all the good things whatsoe'er we do,
God is the ΑΡΧΗ, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.

POEMS

NOT INCLUDED IN *HESPERIDES.*

THE DESCKIPTION OF A WOMAN.

WHOSE head, befringed with bescattered tresses,
Shows like Apollo's when the morn he dresses,*
Or like Aurora when with pearl she sets
Her long, dishevell'd, rose-crown'd trammelets:
Her forehead smooth, full, polish'd, bright and high,
Bears in itself a graceful majesty,
Under the which two crawling eyebrows twine
Like to the tendrils of a flatt'ring vine,
Under whose shade two starry sparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with fair fring'd canopies.
Her comely nose, with uniformal grace,
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,
Parting the pair, as we may well suppose.
Each cheek resembling still a damask rose,
Which like a garden manifestly show
How roses, lilies, and carnations grow,
Which sweetly mixed both with white and red,
Like rose leaves, white and red, seem† mingled.

* MS. blesses. † MS. lye.

Then nature for a sweet allurement sets
Two smelling, swelling, bashful cherrylets,
The which with ruby redness being tipp'd,
Do speak a virgin, merry, cherry-lipp'd.
Over the which a neat, sweet skin is drawn,
Which makes them show like roses under lawn:
These be the ruby portals, and divine,
Which ope themselves to show a holy shrine
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense
Smells like the burn'd Sabean frankincense:
In which the tongue, though but a member small,
Stands guarded with a rosy-hilly wall;
And her white teeth, which in the gums are set
Like pearl and gold, make one rich cabinet.
Next doth her chin with dimpled beauty strive
For his white, plump, and smooth prerogative;
At whose fair top, to please the sight, there grows
The fairest * image of a blushing rose,
Mov'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss;
Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
On either side, with rich rare jewels grac'd,
Moving a question whether that by them
The gem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the gem.
But the foundation of the architect
Is the swan-staining, fair, rare, stately neck
Which with ambitious humbleness stands under,
Bearing aloft this rich, round world of wonder.
Her breast, a place for beauty's throne most fit,

* MS. blessed.

Bears up two globes where love and pleasure sit,
Which, headed with two rich, round rubies, show
Like wanton rosebuds growing out of snow;
And in the milky valley that's between
Sits Cupid, kissing of his mother queen,
Fingering the paps that feel like sleved silk,
And press'd a little they will weep pure milk.
Then comes the belly, seated next below,
Like a fair mountain in Riphean snow,
Where Nature, in a whiteness without spot,
Hath in the middle tied a Gordian knot.
Now love invites me to survey her thighs,
Swelling in likeness like two crystal skies,
Which to the knees by Nature fastened on,
Derive their ever well 'greed motion.
Her legs with two clear calves, like silver tri'd,
Kindly swell up with little pretty pride,
Leaving a distance for the comely * small
To beautify the leg and foot withal.
Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,
Round, short and clear, like pounded spices sweet,
And whatsoever thing they tread upon
They make it scent like bruised cinnamon.
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye
To see two tablets of pure ivory
From which two arms like branches seem to spread
With tender rind † and silver coloured,
With little hands and fingers long and small
To grace a lute, a viol, virginal.

* MS. beauteous. † W.R. vein'd.

In length each finger doth his next excel,
Each richly headed with a pearly shell.
Thus every part in contrariety
Meet in the whole and make a harmony,
As divers strings do singly disagree,
But form'd by number make sweet melody.

MR. HERRICK: HIS DAUGHTER'S DOWRY.

ERE I go hence and be no more
Seen to the world, I'll give the score
I owe unto a female child,
And that is this, a verse enstyled
My daughter's dowry; having which,
I'll leave thee then completely rich.
Instead of gold, pearl, rubies, bonds
Long forfeit, pawned diamonds
Or antique pledges, house or land,
I give thee this that shall withstand
The blow of ruin and of chance.
These hurt not thine inheritance,
For 'tis fee simple and no rent
Thou fortune ow'st for tenement.
However after times will praise,
This portion, my prophetic bays,
Cannot deliver up to th' rust,
Yet I keep peaceful in my dust.
As for thy birth and better seeds
(Those which must grow to virtuous deeds),
Thou didst derive from that old stem
(Love and mercy cherish them),

Which like a vestal virgin ply
With holy fire lest that it die.
Grow up with milder laws to know
At what time to say aye or no;
Let manners teach thee where to be
More comely flowing, where less free.
These bring thy husband, like to those
Old coins and medals we expose
To th' show, but never part with. Next,
As in a more conspicuous text,
Thy forehead, let therein be sign'd
The maiden candour of thy mind;
And under it two chaste-born spies
To bar out bold adulteries,
For through these optics fly the darts
Of lust which set on fire our hearts.
On either side of these quick ears
There must be plac'd, for seasoned fears
Which sweeten love, yet ne'er come nigh
The plague of wilder jealousy.
Then let each cheek of thine entice
His soul as to a bed of spice
Where he may roll and lose his sense,
As in a bed of frankincense.
A lip enkindled with that coal
With which love chafes and warms the soul,
Bring to him next, and in it show
Love's cherries from such fires grow
And have their harvest, which must stand
The gathering of the lip, not hand;
Then unto these be it thy care

To clothe thy words in gentle air,
That smooth as oil, sweet, soft and clean
As is the childish bloom of bean,
They may fall down and stroke, as the
Beams of the sun the peaceful sea.
With hands as smooth as mercy's bring
Him for his better cherishing,
That when thou dost his neck ensnare,
Or with thy wrist, or flattering hair,
He may, a prisoner, there descry
Bondage more loved than liberty.
A nature so well formed, so wrought
To calm and tempest, let be brought
With thee, that should he but incline
To roughness, clasp him like a vine,
Or like as wool meets steel, give way
Unto the passion, not to stay;
Wrath, if resisted, over-boils,
If not, it dies or else recoils.
And lastly, see you bring to him
Somewhat peculiar to each limb;
And I charge thee to be known
By n'other face but by thine own.
Let it in love's name be kept sleek,
Yet to be found when he shall seek
It, and not instead of saint
Give up his worth unto the paint;
For, trust me, girl, she over-does
Who by a double proxy woos.
But lest I should forget his bed,
Be sure thou bring a maidenhead.

That is a margarite, which lost,
Thou bring'st unto his bed a frost
Or a cold poison, which his blood
Benumbs like the forgetful flood.
Now for some jewels to supply
The want of earrings' bravery
For public eyes; take only these
Ne'er travelled for beyond the seas;
They're nobly home-bred, yet have price
Beyond the far-fet merchandise:
Obedience, wise distrust, peace, shy
Distance and sweet urbanity;
Safe modesty, lov'd patience, fear
Of offending, temperance, dear
Constancy, bashfulness and all
The virtues less or cardinal,
Take with my blessing, and go forth
Enjewelled with thy native worth.
And now if there a man be found
That looks for such prepared ground,
Let him, but with indifferent skill,
So good a soil bestock and till;
He may ere long have such a wife
Nourish in's breast a tree of life.

MR. ROBERT HERRICK: HIS FAREWELL UNTO POETRY.

I HAVE beheld two lovers in a night
Hatched o'er, with moonshine from their stolen delight
(When this to that, and that to this, had given
A kiss to such a jewel of the heaven,

Or while that each from other's breath did drink
Health to the rose, the violet, or pink),
Call'd on the sudden by the jealous mother,
Some stricter mistress or suspicious other,
Urging divorcement (worse than death to these)
By the soon jingling of some sleepy keys,
Part with a hasty kiss; and in that show
How stay they would, yet forced they are to go.
Even such are we, and in our parting do
No otherwise than as those former two
Natures like ours, we who have spent our time
Both from the morning to the evening chime,
Nay, till the bellman of the night had tolled
Past noon of night, yet wear the hours not old
Nor dulled with iron sleep, but have outworn
The fresh and fairest flourish of the morn
With flame and rapture; drinking to the odd
Number of nine which makes us full with God,
And in that mystic frenzy we have hurled,
As with a tempest, nature through the world,
And in a whirlwind twirl'd her home, aghast
At that which in her ecstasy had past;
Thus crowned with rosebuds, sack, thou mad'st me fly
Like fire-drakes, yet didst me no harm thereby.
O thou almighty nature, who didst give
True heat wherewith humanity doth live
Beyond its stinted circle, giving food,
White fame and resurrection to the good;
Shoring them up 'bove ruin till the doom,
The general April of the world doth come

Shoring, copies *soaring*.

That makes all equal. Many thousands should,
Were't not for thee, have crumbled into mould,
And with their serecloths rotted, not to show
Whether the world such spirits had or no,
Whereas by thee those and a million since,
Nor fate, nor envy, can their fames convince.
Homer, Musæus, Ovid, Maro, more
Of those godful prophets long before
Held their eternal fires, and ours of late
(Thy mercy helping) shall resist strong fate,
Nor stoop to the centre, but survive as long
As fame or rumour hath or trump or tongue;
But unto me be only hoarse, since now
(Heaven and my soul bear record of my vow)
I my desires screw from thee, and direct
Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respect
And conscience unto priesthood; 'tis not need
(The scarecrow unto mankind) that doth breed
Wiser conclusions in me, since I know
I've more to bear my charge than way to go,
Or had I not, I'd stop the spreading itch
Of craving more, so in conceit be rich;
But 'tis the God of Nature who intends
And shapes my function for more glorious ends.
Kiss, so depart, yet stay a while to see
The lines of sorrow that lie drawn in me
In speech, in picture; no otherwise than when,
Judgment and death denounced 'gainst guilty men,
Each takes a weeping farewell, racked in mind
With joys before and pleasures left behind;
Shaking the head, whilst each to each doth mourn,

With thought they go whence they must ne'er return.
So with like looks, as once the ministrel
Cast, leading his Eurydice through hell,
I strike thy love, and greedily pursue
Thee with mine eyes or in or out of view.
So looked the Grecian orator when sent
From's native country into banishment,
Throwing his eyeballs backward to survey
The smoke of his beloved Attica;
So Tully looked when from the breasts of Rome
The sad soul went, not with his love, but doom,
Shooting his eyedarts 'gainst it to surprise
It, or to draw the city to his eyes.
Such is my parting with thee, and to prove
There was not varnish only in my love,
But substance, lo! receive this pearly tear
Frozen with grief and place it in thine ear,
Then part in name of peace, and softly on
With numerous feet to hoofy Helicon;
And when thou art upon that forked hill
Amongst the thrice three sacred virgins, fill
A full-brimm'd bowl of fury and of rage,
And quaff it to the prophets of our age;
When drunk with rapture curse the blind and lame,
Base ballad-mongers who usurp thy name
And foul thy altar; charm some into frogs,
Some to be rats, and others to be hogs;
Into the loathsom'st shapes thou canst devise
To make fools hate them, only by disguise;
Thus with a kiss of warmth and love I part
Not so, but that some relic in my heart

Shall stand for ever, though I do address
Chiefly myself to what I must profess.
Know yet, rare soul, when my diviner muse
Shall want a handmaid (as she oft will use),
Be ready, thou for me, to wait upon her,
Though as a servant, yet a maid of honour.
The crown of duty is our duty: well
Doing's the fruit of doing well. Farewell.

A CAROL PRESENTED TO DR. WILLIAMS, BISHOP OF LINCOLN AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

Fly hence, pale care, no more remember
Past sorrows with the fled December,
But let each pleasant cheek appear
Smooth as the childhood of the year,
And sing a carol here.
'Twas brave, 'twas brave, could we command the hand
Of youth's swift watch to stand
As you have done your day;
Then should we not decay.
But all we wither, and our light
Is spilt in everlasting night,
Whenas your sight
Shows like the heavens above the moon,
Like an eternal noon
That sees no setting sun.

Keep up those flames, and though you shroud
Awhile your forehead in a cloud,

Do it like the sun to write
In the air a greater text of light;
Welcome to all our vows,
And since you pay
To us this day
So long desir'd,
See we have fir'd
Our holy spikenard, and there's none
But brings his stick of cinnamon,
His eager eye or smoother smile,
And lays it gently on the pile,
Which thus enkindled, we invoke
Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

Chorus. Come then, great Lord,
And see our altar burn
With love of your return,
And not a man here but consumes
His soul to glad you in perfumes.

SONG. HIS MISTRESS TO HIM AT HIS FAREWELL.

You may vow I'll not forget
To pay the debt
Which to thy memory stands as due
As faith can seal it you;
Take then tribute of my tears,
So long as I have fears
To prompt me I shall ever
Languish and look, but thy return see never.
Oh then to lessen my despair

Print thy lips into the air,
So by this
Means I may kiss thy kiss
Whenas some kind
Wind
Shall hither waft it, and in lieu
My lips shall send a 1000 back to you.

UPON PARTING.

Go hence away, and in thy parting know
'Tis not my voice but Heaven's that bids thee go;
Spring hence thy faith, nor think it ill desert
I find in thee that makes me thus to part.
But voice of fame, and voice of Heaven have thundered
We both were lost, if both of us not sundered.
Fold now thine arms, and in thy last look rear
One sigh of love, and cool it with a tear.
Since part we must, let's kiss; that done, retire
With as cold frost as erst we met with fire;
With such white vows as fate can ne'er dissever,
But truth knit fast; and so, farewell for ever.

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

APOLLO sings, his harp resounds: give room,
For now behold the golden pomp is come,
Thy pomp of plays which thousands come to see
With admiration both of them and thee.
O volume! worthy, leaf by leaf and cover,

To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over;
Here words with lines and lines with scenes consent
To raise an act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoon and maids to die for love.
Love lies a-bleeding here, *Evadne*, there
Swells with brave rage, yet comely everywhere;
Here's *A mad lover*, there that high design
Of *King and no King*, and the rare plot thine.
So that whene'er we circumvolve our eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties
Ravish our spirits, that entranc'd we see
None writes love's passion in the world like thee.

THE NEW CHARON:

UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY, LORD HASTINGS.

The musical part being set by Mr. Henry Lawes.

THE SPEAKERS,

CHARON AND EUCOSMIA.

Euc. CHARON, O Charon, draw thy boat to th' shore,
And to thy many take in one soul more.
Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One overwhelm'd with ruth;
Have pity either on my tears or youth,
And take me in who am in deep distress;
But first cast off thy wonted churlishness.
Cha. I will be gentle as that air which yields
A breath of balm along the Elysian fields.

Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One once that had a lover,
Than which thyself ne'er wafted sweeter over.
He was—— *Cha.* Say what? *Euc.* Ah me, my woes are deep.

Cha. Prithee relate, while I give ear and weep.

Euc. He was a Hastings; and that one name has
In it all good that is, and ever was.
He was my life, my love, my joy, but died
Some hours before I should have been his bride.

Chorus. Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,
For human joy contingent misery.

Euc. The hallowed tapers all prepared were,
And Hymen call'd to bless the rites. *Cha.* Stop there.

Euc. Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great must that grief be
That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee.
But now come in. *Euc.* More let me yet relate.

Cha. I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait
And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus much know,
Departing hence, where good and bad souls go?

Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drench'd in pleasure's stream,
The fields of Pluto are reserv'd for them;
Where, dress'd with garlands, there they walk the ground
Whose blessed youth with endless flowers is crown'd.

But such as have been drown'd in this wild sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecate,
Where with their own contagion they are fed,
And there do punish and are punished.
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell
When on the flood that nine times circles hell.

Chorus. We sail along to visit mortals never;
But there to live where love shall last for

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF SIR EDWARD GILES AND HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF DEAN PRIOR CHURCH, DEVON.

No trust to metals nor to marbles, when
These have their fate and wear away as men;
Times, titles, trophies may be lost and spent,
But virtue rears the eternal monument.
What more than these can tombs or tombstones pay?
But here's the sunset of a tedious day:
These two asleep are: I'll but be undress'd
And so to bed: pray wish us all good rest.

NOTES.

NOTES.

569. *And of any wood ye see, You can make a Mercury.* Pythagoras allegorically said that Mercury's statue could not be made of every sort of wood: cp. Rabelais, iv. 62.

575. *The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium.* An earlier version of this poem was printed in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems under the title, *His Mistris Shade*, having been licensed for separate publication at Stationers' Hall the previous year. The variants are numerous, and some of them important. l. 1, *of silver* for *with silv'rie;* l. 3, *on the Banks* for *in the Meads;* l. 8, *Spikenard through* for *Storax from;* l. 10 reads: "*Of mellow* Apples, *ripened* Plums *and* Pears": l. 17, the order of "naked younglings, handsome striplings" is reversed; in place of l. 20 we have:—

"So soon as each his dangling locks hath crown'd
With Rosie Chaplets, Lilies, Pansies red,
Soft Saffron Circles to perfume the head";

l. 23, *to* for *too unto;* l. 24, *their* for *our;* ll. 29, 30:—

"Unto the Prince of Shades, whom once his Pen
Entituled the Grecian Prince of Men";

l. 31, *thereupon* for *and that done;* l. 36, *render him true* for *show him truly;* l. 37, *will* for *shall;* l. 38, "Where both may *laugh*, both drink, *both rage* together"; l. 48, *Amphitheatre* for *spacious theatre;* l. 49, *synod* for *glories*, followed by:—

"crown'd with sacred Bays
And flatt'ring *joy*, *we'll have to* recite their plays,
Shakespeare and Beamond, Swans to whom *the Spheres*
Listen while they *call back the former year*[*s*]
To teach the truth of scenes, and more for thee,
There yet remains, *brave soul*, than thou can'st see,"
etc.;

l. 56, *illustrious* for *capacious;* l. 57, *shall be* for *now is* [Jonson died 1637]; ll. 59-61:—

"To be of that high Hierarchy where none
But brave souls take illumination
Immediately from heaven; but hark the cock," etc.;

l. 62, *feel* for *see;* l. 63, *through* for *from*.

579. *My love will fit each history*. Cp. Ovid, *Amor*. II. iv. 44: Omnibus historiis se meus aptat amor.

580. *The sweets of love are mixed with tears*. Cp. Propert. I. xii. 16: Nonnihil adspersis gaudet Amor lacrimis.

583. *Whom this morn sees most fortunate*, etc. Seneca, *Thyest*. 613: Quem dies vidit veniens superbum Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.

586. *Night hides our thefts*, etc. Ovid, *Ars Am*. i. 249:—

Nocte latent mendæ vitioque ignoscitur omni,
Horaque formosam quamlibet illa facit.

590. *To his brother-in-law, Master John Wingfield.* Of Brantham, Suffolk, husband of the poet's sister, Mercy. See 818, and Sketch of Herrick's Life in vol. i.

599. *Upon Lucia.* Cp. "The Resolution" in *Speculum Amantis*, ed. A. H. Bullen.

604. *Old Religion.* Certainly not Roman Catholicism, though Jonson was a Catholic. Herrick uses the noun and its adjective rather curiously of the dead: cp. 82, "To the reverend shade of his religious Father," and 138, "When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust". There may be something of this use here, or we may refer to his ancient cult of Jonson. But the use of the phrase in 870 makes the exact shade of meaning difficult to fix.

605. *Riches to be but burdens to the mind.* Seneca *De Provid.* 6: Democritus divitias projecit, onus illas bonae mentis existimans.

607. *Who covets more is evermore a slave.* Hor. l. *Ep.* x. 41: Serviet aeternum qui parvo nesciet uti.

615. *No Wrath of Men.* Cp. Hor. *Od.* III. iii. 1-8.

616. *To the Maids to walk abroad.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title: *Abroad with the Maids.*

618. *Mistress Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracy.* Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, married John, third Viscount Tracy. She survived her husband two years, and died in 1688.

624. *Poets. Wantons we are*, etc. From Ovid, *Trist.* ii. 353-4:—

> Crede mihi, mores distant a carmine nostri:
> Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa, mihi.

625. *'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.* Cp. Ben Jonson, *The Poetaster*, I. 1: "Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite"; perhaps from Ovid, *Am.* I. xv. 39: Pascitur in vivis livor; post fata quiescit.

626. *Noble Westmoreland.* See Note to 112.

Gallant Newark. Robert Pierrepoint was created Viscount Newark in 1627 and Earl of Kingston in the following year. But Herrick is perhaps addressing his son, Henry Pierrepoint, afterwards Marquis of Dorchester (see 962 and Note), who during the first Earl of Kingston's life would presumably have borne his second title.

633. *Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.* Ovid, *Ars Am.* ii. 152: Dulcibus est verbis mollis alendus amor.

639. *Fates revolve no flax they've spun.* Seneca, *Herc. Fur.* 1812: Duræ peragunt pensa sorores, Nec sua retro fila revolvunt.

642. *Palms . . . gems.* A Latinism. Cp. Ovid, *Fasti*, i. 152: Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet.

645. *Upon Tears.* Cp. S. Bernard: Pœnitentium lacrimæ vinum angelorum.

649. *Upon Lucy.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title, *On Betty*.

653. *To th' number five or nine.* Probably Herrick is mistaking the references in Greek and Latin poets

to the mixing of their wine and water (*e.g.*, Hor. *Od.* III. xix. 11-17) for the drinking of so many cups.

654. *Long-looked-for comes at last.* Cp. G. Herbert, preface to Sibbes' Funeral Sermon on Sir Thomas Crew (1638): "That ancient adage, 'Quod differtur non aufertur' for 'Long-looked-for comes at last'".

655. *The morrow's life too late is*, etc. Mart. I. xvi. 12: Sera nimis vita est crastina: vive hodie.

662. *O happy life*, etc. From Virg. *Georg.* ii. 458-9:—

> O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
> Agricolas.

It is not uncharacteristic that these fervid praises of country life were left unfinished.

664. *Arthur Bartly.* Not yet identified.

665. *Let her Lucrece all day be.* From Martial XI. civ. 21, 22:—

> Lucretia toto
> Sis licet usque die: Laida nocte volo.

Neither will Famish me, nor overfill. Mart. I. lviii. 4: Nec volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod satiat.

667. *Be't for my Bridal or my Burial.* Cp. Brand, vol. ii., and Coles' *Introduction to the Knowledge of Plants:* "Rosemary and bayes are used by the commons both at funerals and weddings".

672. *Kings ought to be more lov'd than fear'd.* Seneca, *Octavia*, 459: Decet timeri Cæsarem. At plus diligi.

673. *To Mr. Denham, on his prospective poem.* Sir John Denham published in 1642 his *Cooper's*

Hill, a poem on the view over the Thames towards London, from a hill near Windsor.

675. *Their fashion is, but to say no*, etc. Cp. Montaigne's *Essais*, II. 3, p. 51; Florio's tr. p. 207: "Let it suffice that in doing it they say no and take it".

676. *Love is maintained by wealth.* Ovid, *Rem. Am.* 746: Divitiis alitur luxuriosus amor.

679. *Nero commanded, but withdrew his eyes.* Tacit. *Agric.* 45: Nero subtraxit oculos, jussitque scelera, non spectavit.

683. *But a just measure both of Heat and Cold.* This is a version of the medieval doctrine of the four humours. So Chaucer says of his Doctor of Physic:—

"He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moyste, or drye,
And where engendered and of what humour".

684. *'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering.* The Epistle for Mid-Lent Sunday was from Galat. iv. 21, etc., and contained the words: "Jerusalem, quæ est Mater nostra". On that Sunday people made offerings at their Mother Church. After the Reformation the natural mother was substituted for the spiritual, and the day was set apart for visiting relations. Excellent simnel cakes (Low Lat., *siminellus*, fine flour) are still made in the North, where the current derivation of the word is from *Sim* and *Neli!*

685. *To the King.* Probably written in 1645, when Charles was for a short time in the West.

689. *Too much she gives to some, enough to none.* Mart. XII. x.: Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli.

696. *Men mind no state in sickness.* There is a general resemblance in this poem to the latter part of Hor. III. *Od.* i., but I have an uneasy sense that Herrick is translating.

697. *Adversity.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650.

702. *Mean things overcome mighty.* Cp. 486 and Note.

706. *How roses came red.* Cp. Burton, *Anat. Mel.* III. ii. 3: "Constantine (*Agricult.* xi. 18) makes Cupid himself to be a great dancer: by the same token that he was capering among the gods, he flung down a bowl of nectar, which, distilling upon the white rose, ever since made it red".

709. *Tears and Laughter.* Bishop Jebb quotes a Latin couplet inscribed on an old inn at Four Crosses, Staffordshire:—

> Fleres si scires unum tua tempora mensem:
> Rides, cum non sit forsitan una dies.

710. *Tully says.* Cic. *Tusc. Disp.* III. ii. 3: Gloria est frequens de aliquo, fama cum laude.

713. *His return to London.* Written at the same time as his *Farewell to Dean Bourn*, *i.e.*, after his ejection in 1648, the year of the publication of the *Hesperides*.

715. *No pack like poverty.* Burton, *Anat. Mel.* iii. 3: Οὐδὲν πενίας βαρύτερόν ἐστι φόρτιον. "No burden, saith Menander, is so intolerable as poverty."

718. *As many laws*, etc. Tacit. *Ann.* iii. 27: Corruptissima in republica plurimæ leges.

723. *Lay down some silver pence.* Cp. Bishop Corbet's *The Faeryes Farewell*:—

"And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?"

725. *Times that are ill . . . Clouds will not ever*, etc., two reminiscences of Horace, II. *Od.* x. 17, and ix.

727. *Up tails all.* This tune will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 196. He notes that it was a favourite with Herrick, who wrote four other poems in the metre, viz.: *The Hag is Astride, The Maypole is up, The Peter-penny*, and *Twelfth Night: or, King and Queen.* The tune is found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and in the *Dancing Master* (1650-1690). It is alluded to by Ben Jonson, and was a favourite with the Cavaliers.

730. *Charon and Philomel.* This dialogue is found with some slight variations of text in Rawlinson's MS. poet. 65. fol. 32. The following variants may be noted: l. 5, *voice* for *sound;* l. 7, *shade* for *bird;* l. 11, *warbling* for *watching;* l. 12, *hoist up* for *thus hoist;* l. 13, *be gone* for *return;* l. 18, *praise* for *pray;* l. 19, *sighs* for *vows;* l. 24, omit *slothful.* The dialogue is succeeded in the MS. by an old catch (probably written before Herrick was born):—

"A boat! a boat! haste to the ferry!
For we go over to be merry,
To laugh and quaff, and drink old sherry".

After the catch comes the following dialogue, written (it would seem) in imitation of Herrick's *Charon and Philomel:* the speakers' names are not marked:—

"Charon! O Charon! the wafter of all souls to bliss or bane!
Who calls the ferryman of Hell?
Come near and say who lives in bliss and who in pain.
Those that die well eternal bliss shall follow.
Those that die ill their own black deeds shall swallow.
Shall thy black barge those guilty spirits row
That kill themselves for love? Oh, no! oh, no!
My cordage cracks when such foul sins draw near,
No wind blows fair, nor I my boat can steer.
What spirits pass and in Elysium reign?
Those harmless souls that love and are beloved again.
That soul that lives in love and fain would die to win,
Shall he go free? Oh, no! it is too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard, I dare not row,
Storms of despair my boat will overblow.
But when thy mistress (?) shall close up thine eyes then come aboard,
Then come aboard and pass; till then be wise and sing."

"Then come aboard" from the penultimate line and "and sing" from the last should clearly be struck out.

739. *O Jupiter*, etc. Eubulus in Athenaeus, xiii. 559: Ὦ Ζεῦ πολυτίμητ', εἴτ' ἐγὼ κακῶς ποτε | ἐρῶ

γυναῖκας; νὴ Δί' ἀπολοίμην ἄρα· | πάντων ἄριστον κτημάτων. Comp. 885.

743. *Another upon her Weeping.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title: *On Julia's Weeping.*

745. *To Sir John Berkeley, Governour of Exeter.* Youngest son of Sir Maurice Berkeley, of Bruton, in Somersetshire; knighted in Berwick in 1638; commander-in-chief of all the Royalist forces in Devonshire, 1643; captured Exeter Sept. 4 of that year, and held it till April 13, 1646. Created Baron Berkeley of Stratton, in Cornwall, 1658; died 1678.

749. *Consultation.* As noted in the text, this is from Sallust, *Cat.* i.

751. *None sees the fardell of his faults behind.* Cp. Catullus, xxii. 20, 21:—

Suus cuique attributus est error,
Sed non videmus manticae quod in tergo est,

or, perhaps more probably from Seneca, *de Irâ*, ii. 28: Aliena vitia in oculis habemus; à tergo nostra sunt.

755. *The Eye.* Æschyl. *Fragm.* in Plutarch, *Amat.* 21: Νέας γυναικὸς οὔ με μὴ λάθῃ φλέγων Ὀφθαλμὸς, ἥτις ἀνδρὸς ἢ γεγευμένη.

756. *To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter* In August, 1645.

761. *The Wake.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title: *Alvar and Anthea.*

763. *To Doctor Alabaster.* William Alabaster, or Alablaster, born at Hadleigh, Suffolk (1567); educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge; a

friend of Spencer; was converted to Roman Catholicism while chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Spain 1596. In 1607 he began his series of apocalyptic writings by an *Apparatus in Revelationem Jesu Christi.* On visiting Rome he was imprisoned by the Inquisition, escaped, and returned to Protestantism. Besides his theological works, he published (in 1637) a Lexicon Pentaglotton. Died April, 1640.

766. *Time is the bound of things*, etc. From Seneca, *Consol. ad Marc.* xix.: Excessit filius tuus terminos intra quos servitur . . . mors omnium dolorum solutio est et finis.

771. *As I have read must be the first man up*, etc. Hor. I. *Ep.* vi. 48: Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

Rich compost. Cp. the same thought in 662.

772. *A Hymn to Bacchus.* Printed, with the misprint *Bacchus* for *Iacchus* in l. 1, in *Witts Recreations*, 1650.

Brutus . . . Cato. Cp. Note to 4 and 8.

774. *If wars go well*, etc. Tacitus, *Ann.* iii. 53: cùm rectè factorum sibi quisque gratiam trahant, unius [Principis scil.] invidiâ ab omnibus peccatur.

775. *Niggards of the meanest blood.* Seneca, *de Clem.* i. 1: Summa parsimonia etiam vilissimi sanguinis.

776. *Wrongs, if neglected*, etc. Tacit. *Ann.* iv. 34: [Probra] spreta exolescunt, si irascare agnita videntur.

780. *Kings ought to shear*, etc. A saying of Tiberius quoted by Suetonius: Boni pastoris est

tondere oves, non deglubere. Herrick probably took it from Ben Jonson's *Discoveries.*

784-7. *Ceremonies for Christmas.* More will be found about the Yule-log in *Ceremonies for Candlemas Day* (893); cp. also *The Wassail* (476).

788. *Power and Peace.* From Tacitus, *Ann.* iv. 4: Quanquam arduum sit eodem loci potentiam et concordiam esse.

789. *Mistress Margaret Falconbridge.* A daughter, probably, of the Thomas Falconbridge of number 483.

797. *Kisses.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, with omission of *me* in l. 1.

804. *John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King.* Third son of Sir John Crofts, of Saxham, Suffolk. We hear of him in the king's service as early as 1628, and two years later Lord Conway, in thanking Wm. Weld for some verses sent him, hopes "the lines are strong enough to bind Robert Maule and Jack Crofts from ever more using the phrase". So Jack was probably a bit of a poet himself. He may be the Mr. Crofts for assaulting whom George, Lord Digby, was imprisoned a month and more, in 1634.

807. *Man may want land to live in.* Tacitus, *Ann.* xiii. 56: Addidit [Boiocalus] Deësse nobis terra in quâ vivamus, in quâ moriamur non potest, quoted by Montaigne, II. 3.

809. *Who after his transgression doth repent.* Seneca, *Agam.* 243: Quem poenitet peccasse paene est innocens.

810. *Grief, if't be great 'tis short.* Seneca, quoted by Burton (II. iii. 1, § 1): "Si longa est, levis est; si

gravis est, brevis est. If it be long, 'tis light; if grievous, it cannot last."

817. *The Amber Bead.* Cp. Martial's epigram quoted in Note to 497. The comparison to Cleopatra is from Mart. IV. xxxii.

818. *To my dearest sister, M. Mercy Herrick.* Not quite five years his senior. She married John Wingfield, of Brantham, Suffolk, to whom also Herrick addresses a poem.

820. *Suffer that thou canst not shift.* From Seneca; the title from *Ep.* cvii.: Optimum est pati quod emendare non possis, the epigram from *De Provid.* 4, as translated by Thomas Lodge, 1614, "Vertuous instructions are never delicate. Doth fortune beat and rend us? Let us suffer it"—whence Herrick reproduces the printer's error, *Vertuous* for Vertues (Virtue's).

821. *For a stone has Heaven his tomb.* Cp. Sir T. Browne, *Relig. Med.* § 40: "Nor doe I altogether follow that rodomontado of Lucan (*Phars.* vii. 819): Coelo tegitur qui non habet urnam,

> He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,
> For unto him a tomb's the universe".

823. *To the King upon his taking of Leicester.* May 31, 1645, a brief success before Naseby.

825. *'Twas Cæsar's saying.* Tiberius ap. Tacit. *Ann.* ii. 26: Se novies a divo Augusto in Germaniam missum plura consilio quam vi perfecisse.

830. *His Loss.* A reference to his ejection from Dean Prior.

837. *Mistress Amy Potter.* Daughter of Barnabas

Potter, Bishop of Carlisle, Herrick's predecessor at Dean Prior.

839. *Love is a circle . . . from good to good.* So Burton, III. i. 1, § 2: Circulus a bono in bonum.

844. TO HIS BOOK. *Make haste away.* Martial, III. ii. Ad Librum suum—Festina tibi vindicem parare, Ne nigram cito raptus in culinam Cordyllas madidâ tegas papyro, Vel thuris piperisque sis cucullus. *To make loose gowns for mackerel.* From Catullus, xcv. 1:—

> At Volusi annales Paduam morientur ad ipsam,
> Et laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas.

846. *And what we blush to speak*, etc. Ovid, *Phaedra to Hipp.* 10: Dicere quae puduit scribere jussit amor.

849. *'Tis sweet to think*, etc. Seneca, *Herc. Fur.* 657-58: Quae fuit durum pati Meminisse dulce est.

851. *To Mr. Henry Lawes, the excellent composer of his lyrics.* Henry Lawes (1595-1662), the friend of Milton, admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, 1625. In the *Noble Numbers* he is mentioned as the composer of Herrick's *Christmas Carol* and the first of his two *New-Year's Gifts*. Lawes also set to music Herrick's *Not to Love*, *To Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler* (Among the Myrtles as I walked), *The Kiss*, *The Primrose*, *To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his Grey Hairs*, and doubtless others.

852. *Maidens tell me I am old.* From Anacreon:

> Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες
> Ἀνακρέων γέρων εἶ κ.τ.λ.

With a significant variation—"Ill it fits"—for *μᾶλλον πρέπει*.

859. *Master J. Jincks.* Not identified.

861. *Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.* Aristot. *Politics*, iii. 7: *καλεῖν εἰώθαμεν τῶν μὲν μοναρχιῶν τὴν πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν ἀποβλέπουσαν συμφέρον βασιλείαν . . . ἡ τυραννίς ἐστι μοναρχία πρὸς τὸ συμφέρον τὸ τοῦ μοναρχοῦντος.*

869. *Sir Thomas Heale.* Probably a son of the Sir Thomas Hele, of Fleet, Co. Devon, who died in 1624. This Sir Thomas was created a baronet in 1627, and according to Dr. Grosart was one of the Royalist commanders at the siege of Plymouth. He died 1670.

872. *Love is a kind of war.* Ovid, *Ars Am.* II. 233, 34:—

Militiae species amor est: discedite segnes!
Non sunt haec timidis signa tuenda viris.

873. *A spark neglected*, etc. Ovid, *Rem. Am.* 732-34:—

E minimo maximus ignis erit.
Sic nisi vitaris quicquid renovabit amorem,
Flamma redardescet quae modo nulla fuit.

874. *An Hymn to Cupid.* From Anacreon:—

Ὦναξ, ᾧ δαμάλης Ἔρως
καὶ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες
πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτη
συμπαίζουσιν . . . γουνοῦμαί σε, κ. τ. λ.

885. *Naught are all women.* Burton, III. ii. 5. § 5.

907. *Upon Mr. William Lawes, the rare musician.* Elder brother of the more famous Henry Lawes; appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, 1602, and also one of Charles I.'s musicians-in-ordinary. When the Civil War broke out he joined the king's army and was killed by a stray shot during the siege of Chester, 1645. He set Herrick's *Gather ye rose buds* to music.

914. *Numbers ne'er tickle*, etc. Martial, I. xxxvi.:—

Lex haec carminibus data est jocosis,
Ne possint, nisi pruriant, juvare.

918. *M. Kellam.* As yet unidentified. Dr. Grosart suggests that he may have been one of Herrick's parishioners, and the name sounds as of the west country.

920. *Cunctation in correction.* Is Herrick translating? According to a relief at Rome the lictors' rods were bound together not only by a red thong twisted from top to bottom, but by six straps as well.

922. *Continual reaping makes a land wax old.* Ovid, *Ars Am.* iii. 82: Continua messe senescit ager.

924. *Revenge.* Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 3: Tanto proclivius est injuriae quàm beneficio vicem exsolvere; quia gratia oneri, ultio in quaestu habetur.

927. *Praise they that will times past.* Ovid, *Ars Am.* iii. 121:—

Prisca juvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor; haec aetas moribus apta meis.

928. *Clothes are conspirators.* I can suggest no better explanation of this oracular epigram than that the tailor's bill is an enemy of a slender purse.

929. *Cruelty.* Seneca *de Clem.* i. 24: Ferina ista rabies est, sanguine gaudere et vulneribus; (i. 8), Quemadmodum praecisae arbores plurimis ramis repullulant [H. uses repullulate, -tion, 336, 794], et multa satorum genera, ut densiora surgant, recidun-tur; ita regia crudelitas auget inimicorum numerum tollendo. Ben Jonson, *Discoveries* (*Clementia*): "The lopping of trees makes the boughs shoot out quicker; and the taking away of some kind of enemies increaseth the number".

931. *A fierce desire of hot and dry.* Cp. note on 683.

932. *To hear the worst,* etc. Antisthenes ap. *Diog. Laert.* VI. i. 4, § 3: Ἀκούσας ποτὲ ὅτι Πλάτων αὐτὸν κακῶς λέγει Βασιλικὸν ἔφη καλῶς ποιοῦντα κακῶς ἀκούειν, quoted by Burton, II. iii. 7.

934. *The Bondman.* Cp. Exodus xxi. 5, 6: "And if the servant shall plainly say: I love my master, my wife, and my children: I will not go out free: Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the doorpost; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him for ever".

936. *My kiss outwent the bonds of shamefastness.* Cp. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella,* sonnet 82. For *not Jove himself,* etc., cp. 10, and note.

938. *His wish.* From Martial, II. xc. 7-10:—

Sit mihi verna satur: sit non doctissima conjux:
Sit nox cum somno, sit sine lite dies, etc.

939. *Upon Julia washing herself in the river.* Imitated from Martial, IV. xxii.:—

Primos passa toros et adhuc placanda marito
Merserat in nitidos se Cleopatra lacus,
Dum fugit amplexus: sed prodidit unda latentem,
Lucebat, totis cum tegeretur aquis.
Condita sic puro numerantur lilia vitro,
Sic prohibet tenuis gemma latere rosas,
Insilui mersusque vadis luctantia carpsi
Basia: perspicuae plus vetuistis aquae.

940. *Though frankincense*, etc. Ovid, *de Medic. Fac.* 83, 84:—

Quamvis thura deos irataque numina placent,
Non tamen accensis omnia danda focis.

947. *To his honoured and most ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Cotton.* Dr. Grosart annotates: "The translator of Montaigne, and associate of Izaak Walton"; but as the younger Cotton was only eighteen when *Hesperides* was printed, it is perhaps more probable that the father is meant, though we may note that Herrick and the younger Cotton were joint-contributors in 1649 to the *Lacrymæ Musarum*, published in memory of Lord Hastings. For a tribute to the brilliant abilities of the elder Cotton, see Clarendon's *Life* (i. 36; ed. 1827).

948. *Women Useless.* A variation on a theme as old as Euripides. Cp. *Medea*, 573-5:—

χρῆν γὰρ ἀλλοθέν ποθεν βροτοὺς
παῖδας τεκνοῦσθαι, θῆλυ δ' οὐκ εἶναι γένος·
χοὔτως ἂν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

952. *Weep for the dead, for they have lost the light*, cp. Ecclus. xxii. 11.

955. *To M. Leonard Willan, his peculiar friend.* A wretched poet; author of "The Phrygian Fabulist; or the Fables of Æsop" (1650), "Astraea; or True Love's Mirror" (1651), etc.

956. *Mr. John Hall, Student of Gray's Inn.* Hall remained at Cambridge till 1647, and this poem, which addresses him as a "Student of Gray's Inn," must therefore have been written almost while *Hesperides* was passing through the press. Hall's *Horæ Vacivæ, or Essays*, published in 1646, had at once given him high rank among the wits.

958. *To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth Finch.* No certain identification has been proposed.

961. *To the King, upon his welcome to Hampton Court, set and sung.* The allusion can only be to the king's stay at Hampton Court in 1647. Good hope was then entertained of a peaceful settlement, and Herrick's ode, enthusiastic as it is, expresses little more than this.

For an ascendent, etc.: This and the next seven lines are taken from phrases on pp. 29-33 of the *Notes and Observations on some passages of Scripture*, by John Gregory (see note on N. N. 178). According to Gregory, "The Ascendent of a City is that sign which riseth in the Heavens at the laying of the first stone".

962. *Henry, Marquis of Dorchester.* Henry Pierrepoint, second Earl of Kingston, succeeded his father (Herrick's Newark) July 30, 1643, and was created Marquis of Dorchester, March, 1645. "He was a very studious nobleman and very learned,

particularly in law and physics." (See Burke's *Extinct Peerages*, iii. 435.)

When Cato, the severe, entered the circumspacious theatre. The allusion is to the visit of Cato to the games of Flora, given by Messius. When his presence in the theatre was known, the dancing-women were not allowed to perform in their accustomed lack of costume, whereupon the moralist obligingly retired, amidst applause.

966. *M. Jo. Harmar, physician to the College of Westminster.* John Harmar, born at Churchdown, near Gloucester, about 1594, was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford; was a master at Magdalen School, the Free School at St. Albans, and at Westminster, and Professor of Greek at Oxford under the Commonwealth. He died 1670. Wood characterises him as a butt for the wits and a flatterer of great men, and notes that he was always called by the name of Doctor Harmar, though he took no higher degree than M.A. But in 1632 he supplicated for the degree of M.B., and Dr. Grosart's note—"Herrick, no doubt, playfully transmuted 'Doctor' into 'Physician'"—is misleading. He may have cared for the minds and bodies of the Westminster boys at one and the same time.

The Roman language. . . . If Jove would speak, etc. Cp. Ben Jonson's *Discoveries:* "that testimony given by L. Aelius Stilo upon Plautus who affirmed, "Musas si latine loqui voluissent Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas". And Cicero [in Plutarch, § 24] "said of the Dialogues of Plato, that Jupiter, if it were his nature to use language, would speak like him".

967. *Upon his spaniel, Tracy.* Cp. *supra*, 726.

971. *Strength*, etc. Tacitus, *Ann.* xiii. 19: Nihil rerum mortalium tam instabile ac fluxum est, quàm fama potentiae, non suâ vi nixa.

975. *Case is a lawyer*, etc. Martial, I. xcviii. Ad Naevolum Causidicum. Cùm clamant omnes, loqueris tu, Naevole, tantùm. . . . Ecce, tacent omnes; Naevole, dic aliquid.

977. *To his sister-in-law, M. Susanna Herrick.* Cp. *supra*, 522. The subject is again the making up of the book of the poet's elect.

978. *Upon the Lady Crew.* Cp. Herrick's Epithalamium for her marriage with Sir Clipsby Crew, 283. She died 1639, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

979. *On Tomasin Parsons.* Daughter of the organist of Westminster Abbey: cp. 500 and Note.

983. *To his kinsman, M. Thomas Herrick, who desired to be in his book.* Cp. 106 and Note.

989. *Care keeps the conquest.* Perhaps jotted down with reference to the Governorship of Exeter by Sir John Berkeley: see Note to 745.

992. *To the handsome Mistress Grace Potter.* Probably sister to the Mistress Amy Potter celebrated in 837, where see Note.

995. *We've more to bear our charge than way to go.* Seneca, *Ep.* 77: quantulumcunque haberem, tamen plus superesset viatici quam viae, quoted by Montaigne, II. xxviii.

1000. *The Gods, pillars, and men.* Horace's Mediocribus esse poetis Non homines, non di,

non concessere columnae (*Ars Poet.* 373). Latin poets hung up their epigrams in public places.

1002. *To the Lord Hopton on his fight in Cornwall.* Sir Ralph Hopton won two brilliant victories for the Royalists, at Bradock Down and Stratton, January and May, 1643, and was created Baron Hopton in the following September. Originally a Parliamentarian, he was one of the king's ablest and most loyal servants.

1008. *Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.* Terence, *Haut.* IV. ii. 8: Nihil tam difficile est quin quaerendo investigari posset.

1009. *Labour is held up by the hope of rest.* Ps. Sallust, *Epist. ad C. Caes.:* Sapientes laborem spe otii sustentant.

1022. *Posting to Printing.* Mart. V. x. 11, 12:—

> Vos, tamen, o nostri, ne festinate, libelli:
> Si post fata venit gloria, non propero.

1023. *No kingdoms got by rapine long endure.* Seneca, *Troad.* 264: Violenta nemo imperia continuit dies.

1026. *Saint Distaff's Day.* "Saint Distaff is perhaps only a coinage of our poet's to designate the day when, the Christmas vacation being over, good housewives, with others, resumed their usual employment." (Nott.) The phrase is explained in dictionaries and handbooks, but no other use of it is quoted than this. Herrick's poem was pilfered by Henry Bold (a notorious plagiarist) in *Wit a-sporting in a pleasant Grove of New Fancies*, 1657.

1028. *My beloved Westminster.* As mentioned in

the brief "Life" of Herrick prefixed to vol. i., all the references in this poem seem to refer to Herrick's courtier-days, between leaving Cambridge and going to Devonshire. He then, doubtless, resided in Westminster for the sake of proximity to Whitehall. It has been suggested, however, that the reference is to Westminster School, but we have no evidence that Herrick was educated there.

Golden Cheapside. My friend, Mr. Herbert Horne, in his admirably-chosen selection from the *Hesperides*, suggests that the allusion here is to the great gilt cross at the end of Wood Street. The suggestion is ingenious; but as Cheapside was the goldsmiths' quarter this would amply justify the epithet, which may indeed only refer to Cheapside as a money-winning street, as we might say Golden Lombard Street.

1032. *Things are uncertain.* Tiberius, in Tacitus, *Annal.* i. 72: Cuncta mortalium incerta; quantoque plus adeptus foret, tanto se magis in lubrico.

1034. *Good wits get more fame by their punishment.* Cp. Tacit. *Ann.* iv. 35, sub fin.: Punitis ingeniis gliscit auctoritas, etc., quoted by Bacon and Milton.

1035. *Twelfth Night: or King and Queen.* Herrick alludes to these "Twelfth-Tide Kings and Queens" in writing to Endymion Porter (664), and earlier still, in the "New-Year's Gift to Sir Simeon Steward" (319) he speaks—

> "Of Twelfth-Tide cakes, of Peas and Beans,
> Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
> Whenas ye choose your King and Queen

Brand (i. 27) illustrates well from "Speeches to the Queen at Sudley" in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.*

"*Melibœus.* Cut the cake: who hath the bean shall be king, and where the pea is, she shall be queen.

Nisa. I have the pea and must be queen.

Mel. I the bean, and king. I must command."

1045. *Comfort in Calamity.* An allusion to the ejection from their benefices which befel most of the loyal clergy at the same time as Herrick. It is perhaps worth noting that in the second volume of this edition, and in the last hundred poems printed in the first, wherever a date can be fixed it is always in the forties. Equally late poems occur, though much less frequently, among the first five hundred, but there the dated poems belong, for the most part, to the years 1623-1640. Now, in April 29, 1640, as stated in the brief "Life" prefixed to vol. i., there was entered at Stationers' Hall, "The severall poems written by Master Robert Herrick," a book which, as far as is known, never saw the light. It was probably, however, to this book that Herrick addressed the poem (406) beginning:—

"Have I not blest thee? Then go forth, nor fear
Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here";

and we may fairly regard the first five hundred poems of *Hesperides* as representing the intended collection of 1640, with a few additions, and the last six hundred as for the most part later, and I must add, inferior work. This is borne out by the absence of any manuscript versions of poems in the

second half of the book. Herrick's verses would only be passed from hand to hand when he was living among the wits in London.

1046. *Twilight.* Ovid, *Amores*, I. v. 5, 6: Crepuscula . . . ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies.

1048. *Consent makes the cure.* Seneca, *Hippol.* 250: Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.

1050. *Causeless whipping.* Ovid, *Heroid.* v. 7, 8: Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est; Quae venit indignae poena, dolenda venit. Quoted by Montaigne, III. xiii.

1052. *His comfort.* Terence, *Adelph.* I. i. 18: Ego . . . quod fortunatum isti putant, Uxorem nunquam habui.

1053. *Sincerity.* From Hor. *Ep.* I. ii. 54: Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit. Quoted by Montaigne, III. xiii.

1056. *To his peculiar friend, M. Jo. Wicks.* See 336 and Note. Written after Herrick's ejection. We know that the poet's uncle, Sir William Herrick, suffered greatly in estate during the Civil War, and it may have been the same with other friends and relatives. But there can be little doubt that the poet found abundant hospitality on his return to London.

1059. *A good Death.* August. *de Disciplin. Christ* 13: Non potest malè mori, qui benè vixerit.

1061. *On Fortune.* Seneca, *Medea*, 176: Fortuna opes auferre non animum potest.

1062. *To Sir George Parry, Doctor of the Civil Law.* According to Dr. Grosart, Parry "was admitted to the College of Advocates, London, 3rd Nov., 1628; but almost nothing has been transmitted

concerning him save that he married the daughter and heir of Sir Giles Sweet, Dean of Arches". I can hardly doubt that he must be identified with the Dr. George Parry, Chancellor to the Bishop of Exeter, who in 1630 was accused of excommunicating persons for the sake of fees, but was highly praised in 1635 and soon after appointed a Judge Marshal. If so, his wife was a widow when she came to him, as she is spoken of in 1638 as "Lady Dorothy Smith, wife of Sir Nicholas Smith, deceased". She brought him a rich dower, and her death greatly confused his affairs.

1067. *Gentleness.* Seneca, *Phoen.* 659: Qui vult amari, languidâ regnet manu. And Ben Jonson, *Panegyre* (1603): "He knew that those who would with love command, Must with a tender yet a steadfast hand, Sustain the reins".

1068. *Mrs. Eliza Wheeler.* See 130 and Note.

1071. *To the Honoured Master Endymion Porter.* For Porter's patronage of poetry see 117 and Note.

1080. *The Mistress of all singular Manners, Mistress Portman.* Dr. Grosart notes that a Mrs. Mary Portman was buried at Putney Parish Church, June 27, 1671, and this was perhaps Herrick's schoolmistress, the "pearl of Putney".

1087. *Where pleasures rule a kingdom.* Cicero, *De Senect.* xii. 41: Neque omnino in voluptatis regno virtutem posse consistere. *He lives who lives to virtue.* Comp. Sallust, *Catil.* 2, s. fin.

1088. *Twice five-and-twenty (bate me but one year).* As Herrick was born in 1591, this poem must have been written in 1640.

1089. *To M. Laurence Swetnaham.* Unless the various entries in the parish registers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, refer to different men, this Lawrence Swetnaham was the third son of Thomas Swettenham of Swettenham in Cheshire, married in 1602 to Mary Birtles. Lawrence himself had children as early as 1629, and ten years later was church-warden. He was buried in the Abbey, 1673.

1091. *My lamp to you I give.* Allusion to the Λαμπαδηφορία which Plato (*Legg.* 776B) uses to illustrate the succession of generations. So Lucretius (ii. 77): Et quasi cursores vitaï lampada tradunt.

1092. *Michael Oulsworth.* Michael Oulsworth, Oldsworth or Oldisworth, graduated M.A. from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1614. According to Wood, "he was afterwards Fellow of his College, Secretary to Earl of Pembroke, elected a burgess to serve in several Parliaments for Sarum and Old Sarum, and though in the Grand Rebellion he was no Colonel, yet he was Governor of Old Pembroke, and Montgomery led him by the nose as he pleased, to serve both their turns". The partnership, however, was not eternal, for between 1648 and 1650 Oldisworth published at least eight virulent satires against his former master.

1094. *Truth—her own simplicity.* Seneca, *Ep.* 49: (Ut ille tragicus), Veritatis simplex oratio est.

1097. *Kings must be dauntless.* Seneca, *Thyest.* 388: Rex est qui metuit nihil.

1100. *To his brother, Nicholas Herrick.* Baptized April 22, 1589; a merchant trading to the Levant.

He married Susanna Salter, to whom Herrick addresses two poems (522, 977).

1103. A *King and no King.* Seneca, *Thyest.* 214: Ubicunque tantùm honestè dominanti licet, Piecario regnatur.

1118. *Necessity makes dastards valiant men.* Sallust, *Catil.* 58: Necessitudo . . . timidos fortes facit.

1119. *Sauce for Sorrows.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650. *An equal mind.* Plautus, *Rudens*, II. iii. 71: Animus aequus optimum est aerumnae condimentum.

1126. *The End of his Work.* Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1650, under the title: *Of this Book.* From Ovid, *Ars Am.* i. 773, 774:—

Pars superest caepti, pars est exhausta laboris:
Hic teneat nostras anchora jacta rates.

1127. *My wearied bark*, etc. Ovid, *Rem. Am.* 811, 812:—

fessae date serta carinae:
Contigimus portum, quo mihi cursus erat.

1128. *The work is done.* Ovid, *Ars Am.* ii. 733, 734:—

Finis adest operi: palmam date, grata juventus,
Sertaque odoratae myrtea ferte comae.

1130. *His Muse.* Cp. Note on 624.

NOBLE NUMBERS.

3. *Weigh me the Fire.* 2 *Esdras*, iv. 5, 7; v. 9, 36: "Weigh me . . . the fire, or measure me . . . the wind," etc.

4. *God . . . is the best known, not . . . August. de Ord.* ii. 16: [Deus] scitur melius nesciendo.

5. *Supraentity*, τὸ ὑπερόντως ὄν, Plotinus.

7. *His wrath is free from perturbation.* August. *de Civ. Dei*, ix. 5: Ipse Deus secundum Scripturas irascitur, nec tamen ullâ passione turbatur. *Enchir. ad Laurent.* 33: Cum irasci dicitur Deus, non significatur perturbatio, qualis est in animo irascentis hominis.

9. *Those Spotless two Lambs.* "This is the offering made by fire which ye shall offer unto the Lord: two lambs of the first year without spot, day by day, for a continual burnt-offering." (Numb. xxviii. 3.)

17. *An Anthem sung in the Chapel of Whitehall.* This may be added to Nos. 96-98, and 102, the poems on which Mr. Hazlitt bases his conjecture that Herrick may have held some subordinate post in the Chapel Royal.

37. *When once the sin has fully acted been.* Tacitus, *Ann.* xiv. 10: Perfecto demum scelere, magnitudo ejus intellecta est.

38. *Upon Time.* Were this poem anonymous it would probably be attributed rather to George Herbert than to Herrick.

41. *His Litany to the Holy Spirit.* We may quote again from Barron Field's account in the *Quarterly Review* (1810) of his cross-examination of the Dean Prior villagers for Reminiscences of Herrick: "The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood we found to be a poor woman in the 99th year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his *Noble Numbers*, among which was his beautiful 'Litany'. These she had learnt from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor at the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which she said she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep; and she therefore began the 'Litany' at the second stanza:—

'When I lie within my bed,' etc."

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning:—

"Every night Thou dost me fright,
And keep mine eyes from sleeping," etc.

The last couplet, it should be noted, is misquoted from No. 56.

54. *Spew out all neutralities.* From the message to the Church of the Laodiceans, Rev. iii. 16.

59. *A Present by a Child.* Cp. "A pastoral upon the Birth of Prince Charles" (*Hesperides* 213), and Note.

63. *God's mirth: man's mourning.* Perhaps founded on Prov. i. 26: "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh".

65. *My Alma.* The name is probably suggested by its meaning "soul". Cp. Prior's *Alma.*

72. *I'll cast a mist and cloud.* Cp. Hor. I. *Ep.* xvi. 62: Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.

75. *That house is bare.* Horace, *Ep.* I. vi. 45: Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt.

77. *Lighten my candle,* etc. The phraseology of the next five lines is almost entirely from the Psalms and the Song of Solomon.

86. *Sin leads the way.* Hor. *Odes,* III. ii. 32: Raro antecedentem scelestum Deseruit pede Poena claudo.

88. *By Faith we . . . walk . . ., not by the Spirit.* 2 Cor. v. 7: "We walk by faith, not by sight". 'By the Spirit' perhaps means, 'in spiritual bodies'.

96. *Sung to the King.* See Note on 17.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes. See *Hesperides* 851, and Note.

102. *The Star-Song.* This may have been composed partly with reference to the noonday star during the Thanksgiving for Charles II.'s birth. See *Hesperides* 213, and Note.

We'll choose him King. A reference to the Twelfth Night games. See *Hesperides* 1035, and Note.

108. *Good men afflicted most.* Taken almost entirely from Seneca, *de Provid.* 3, 4: Ignem experitur [Fortuna] in Mucio, paupertatem in Fabricio, . . . tormenta in Regulo, venenum in

Socrate, mortem in Catone. The allusions may be briefly explained for the unclassical. At the siege of Dyrrachium, Marcus Cassius Scæva caught 120 darts on his shield; Horatius Cocles is the hero of the bridge (see Macaulay's *Lays*); C. Mucius Scævola held his hand in the fire to illustrate to Porsenna Roman fearlessness; Cato is Cato Uticensis, the philosophic suicide; "high Atilius" will be more easily recognised as the M. Atilius Regulus who defied the Carthaginians; Fabricius Luscinus refused not only the presents of Pyrrhus, but all reward of the State, and lived in poverty on his own farm.

109. *A wood of darts.* Cp. Virg. *Æn.* x. 886: Ter secum Troius heros Immanem aerato circumfert tegmine silvam.

112. *The Recompense.* Herrick is said to have assumed the lay habit on his return to London after his ejection, perhaps as a protection against further persecution. This quatrain may be taken as evidence that he did not throw off his religion with his cassock. Compare also 124.

All I have lost that could be rapt from me. From Ovid, III. *Trist.* vii. 414: Raptaque sint adimi quae potuere mihi.

123. *Thy light that ne'er went out.* Prov. xxxi. 18 (of 'the Excellent Woman'): "Her candle goeth not out by night". *All set about with lilies.* Cp. *Cant. Canticorum*, vii. 2: Venter tuus sicut acervus tritici, vallatus liliis.

Will show these garments. So Acts ix. 39.

134. *God had but one son free from sin.* Augustin.

Confess. vi.: Deus unicum habet filium sine peccato, nullum sine flagello, quoted in Burton, II. iii. 1.

136. *Science in God.* Bp. Davenant, *on Colossians*, 166, *ed.* 1639; speaking of Omniscience: Proprietates Divinitatis non sunt accidentia, sed ipsa Dei essentia.

145. *Tears.* Augustin. *Enarr. Ps.* cxxvii.: Dulciores sunt lacrymae orantium quàm gaudia theatorum.

146. *Manna.* Wisdom xvi. 20, 21: "Angels' food . . . agreeing to every taste".

147. *As Cassiodore doth prove.* Reverentia est enim Domini timor cum amore permixtus. Cassiodor. *Expos. in Psalt.* xxxiv. 30; quoted by Dr. Grosart. My clerical predecessor has also hunted down with much industry the possible sources of most of the other patristic references in *Noble Numbers*, though I have been able to add a few. We may note that Herrick quotes Cassiodorus (twice), John of Damascus, Boethius, Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Augustine (thrice), St. Basil, and St. Ambrose—a goodly list of Fathers, if we had any reason to suppose that the quotations were made at first hand.

148. *Mercy . . . a Deity.* Pausanias, *Attic.* I. xvii. 1.

153. *Mora Sponsi, the stay of the bridegroom.* Maldonatus, *Comm. in Matth.* xxv.: Hieronymus et Hilarius moram sponsi pœnitentiae tempus esse dicunt.

157. *Montes Scripturarum.* See August. *Enarr. in Ps.* xxxix., and passim.

167. *A dereliction.* The word is from Ps. xxii. 1: Quare me dereliquisti? "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" Herrick took it from Gregory's *Notes and Observations* (see infra), p. 5: 'Our Saviour . . . in that great case of dereliction'.

174. *Martha, Martha.* See Luke x. 41, and August. *Serm.* cii. 3: Repetitio nominis indicium est dilectionis.

177. *Paradise.* Gregory, p. 75, on "the reverend Say of Zoroaster, Seek Paradise," quotes from the Scholiast Psellus: "The Chaldæan Paradise (saith he) is a Quire of divine powers incircling the Father".

178. *The Jews when they built houses.* Herrick's rabbinical lore (cp. 180, 181, 193, 207, 224), like his patristic, was probably derived at second hand through some biblical commentary. Much of it certainly comes from the *Notes and Observations upon some Passages of Scripture* (Oxford, 1646) of John Gregory, chaplain of Christ Church, a prodigy of oriental learning, who died in his 39th year, March 13, 1646. Thus in his Address to the Reader (3rd page from end) Gregory remarks: "The Jews, when they build a house, are bound to leave some part of it unfinished in memory of the destruction of Jerusalem," giving a reference to Leo of Modena, *Degli Riti Hebraici*, Part I.

180. *Observation. The Virgin Mother,* etc. Gregory, pp. 24-27, shows that Sitting, the usual posture of mourners, was forbidden by both Roman and Jewish Law "in capital causes". "This was the reason why . . . she stood up still in a resolute and almost impossible compliance with the Law. . . .

They sat . . . after leave obtained . . . to bury the body."

181. *Tapers.* Cp. Gregory's *Notes*, p. 111: "The funeral tapers (however thought of by some) are of the same harmless import. Their meaning is to show that the departed souls are not quite put out, but having walked here as the children of the Light are now gone to walk before God in the light of the living."

185. *God in the holy tongue.* J. G., p. 135: "God is called in the Holy Tongue . . . the Place; or that Fulness which filleth All in All".

186, 187, 188, 189, 197. *God's Presence, Dwelling*, etc. J. G., pp. 135-9: "Shecinah, or God's Dwelling Presence". "God is said to be nearer to this man than to that, more in one place than in another. Thus he is said to depart from some and come to others, to leave this place and to abide in that, not by essential application of Himself, much less by local motion, but by impression of effect." "With just men (saith St. Bernard) God is present, *in veritate*, in deed, but with the wicked, dissemblingly." "He is called in the Holy Tongue, Jehovah, He that is, or Essence." "He is said to dwell there (saith Maimon) where He putteth the marks . . . of His Majesty; and He doth this by His Grace and Holy Spirit."

190. *The Virgin Mary.* J. G., p. 86: "St. Ephrem upon those words of Jacob, This is the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven. This saying (saith he) is to be meant of the Virgin Mary . . . truly to be called the House of God, as

wherein the Son of God . . . inhabited, and as truly the Gate of Heaven, for the Lord of heaven and earth entered thereat; and it shall not be set open the second time, according to that of Ezekiel (xliv. 2): I saw (saith he) a gate in the East; the glorious Lord entered thereat; thenceforth that gate was shut, and is not any more to be opened (*Catena Arab.* c. 58)."

192. *Upon Womæ and Mary.* The reference is to Christ's appearance to St. Mary Magdalene in the Garden after the Resurrection, John xx. 15, 16.

195. *Noah the first was*, etc. Cp. Gregory, *Notes*, p. 28.

193. *North and South.* Comp. *Hesper.* 429. *Observation.* J. G., pp. 92, 93: "Whosoever (say the Doctors in Berachoth) shall set his bed N. and S., shall beget male children. Therefore the Jews hold this rite of collocation . . . to this day. . . . They are bound to place their . . . house of office in the very same situation . . . that the uncomely necessities . . . might not fall into the Walk and Ways of God, whose Shecinah or dwelling presence lieth W. and E."

201. *Temporal goods.* August., quoted by Burton, II. iii. 3: Dantur quidem bonis, saith Austin, ne quis mala aestimet, malis autem ne quis nimis bona.

203. *Speak, did the blood of Abel cry*, etc. Cp. Gregory's *Notes*, pp. 118: "But did the blood of Abel speak? saith Theophylact. Yes, it cried unto God for vengeance, as that of sprinkling for propitiation and mercy."

204. *A thing of such a reverend reckoning.* Cp.

Gregory, 118-9: "The blood of Abel was so holy and reverend a thing, in the sense and reputation of the old world, that the men of that time used to swear by it".

205. *A Position in the Hebrew Divinity.* From Gregory's *Notes*, pp. 134, 5: "That old position in the Hebrew Divinity . . . that a repenting man is of more esteem in the sight of God than one that never fell away".

206. *The Doctors in the Talmud.* From Gregory's *Notes*, *l.c.*: "The Doctors in the Talmud say, that one day spent here in true Repentance is more worth than eternity itself, or all the days of heaven in the other world".

207. *God's Presence.* Again from Gregory's *Notes*, pp. 136 sq.

208. *The Resurrection.* Gregory's *Notes*, pp. 128-29, translating from a Greek MS. of Mathæus Blastares in the Bodleian: "The wonder of this is far above that of the resurrection of our bodies; for then the earth giveth up her dead but one for one, but in the case of the corn she giveth up many living ones for one dead one".

243. *Confession twofold is.* August. in Ps. xxix. *Enarr.* ii. 19: Confessio gemina est, aut peccati, aut laudis.

254. *Gold and frankincense.* St. Matt. ii. 11. St. Ambrose. Aurum Regi, thus Deo.

256. *The Chewing the Cud.* Cp. Lev. xi. 6.

258. *As my little pot doth boil*, etc. This far-fetched little poem is an instance of Herrick's habit of jotting down his thoughts in verse. In cooking

some food for a charitable purpose he seems to have noticed that the boiling pot tossed the meat to and fro, or "waved" it (the priest's work), and that he himself was giving away the meat he lifted off the fire, the "heave-offering," which was the priest's perquisite. This is the confusion or "level-coil" to which he alludes.

NOTES TO ADDITIONAL POEMS.

The Description of a Woman. Printed in *Witts Recreations*, 1645, and contained also in Ashmole MS. 38, where it is signed: "Finis. Robert Herrick." Our version is taken from *Witts Recreations*, with the exception of the readings *show* and *grow* (for *shown* and *grown*, in ll. 15 and 16). The Ashmole MS. contains in all thirty additional lines, which may or may not be by Herrick, but which, as not improving the poem, have been omitted in our text in accordance with the precedent set by the editor of *Witts Recreations*.

Mr. Herrick: his Daughter's Dowry. From Ashmole MS. 38, where it is signed: "Finis. Robt. Hericke."

Mr. Robert Herrick: his Farewell unto Poetry. Printed by Dr. Grosart and Mr. Hazlitt from Ashmole MS. 38. I add a few readings from Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 22, 603, where it is entitled: *Herrick's Farewell to Poetry*. The importance of the poem for Herrick's biography is alluded to in the brief "Life" prefixed to vol. i.

For *some sleepy keys* the Museum MS. reads, *the sleeping keys;* for *yet forc't they are to go* it has *and yet are forc't to go; drinking to the odd Number of*

Nine for *Number of Wine*, as to which see below; *turned her home* for *twirled her home; dear soul* for *rare soul*. All these are possible, but *beloved Africa*, and the omission of the two half lines, "'tis not need The scarecrow unto mankind," are pure blunders.

Drinking to the odd Number of Nine. I introduce this into the text from the Museum manuscript as agreeing with the

> "Well, I can quaff, I see,
> To th' number five
> Or nine"

of *A Bacchanalian Verse* (*Hesperides* 653), on which see Note. Dr. Grosart explains the Ashmole reading *Wine* by the Note "*οἶνος* and *vinum* both give five, the number of perfection"; but this seems too far-fetched for Herrick.

Kiss, so depart. By a strange freak Ashmole MS. writes *Guesse*, and the Museum MS. *Ghesse;* but the emendation *Kiss* (adopted both by Dr. Grosart and Mr. Hazlitt) cannot be doubted.

Well doing's the fruit of doing well. Seneca, *de Clem.* i. 1: Rectè factorum verus fructus [est] fecisse. Also *Ep.* 81: Recte facti fecisse merces est. The latter, and Cicero, *de Finib.* II. xxii. 72, are quoted by Montaigne, *Ess.* II. xvi.

A Carol presented to Dr. Williams. From Ashmole MS. 36, 298. For Dr. Williams, see Note to *Hesperides* 146. This poem was apparently written in 1640, after the removal of the bishop's suspension.

His Mistress to him at his Farewell. From Add.

MS. 11, 811, at the British Museum, where it is signed "Ro. Herrick".

Upon Parting. From Harleian MS. 6917, at the British Museum.

Upon Master Fletcher's Incomparable Plays. Printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, and Beaumont's Poems, 1653.

The Golden Pomp is come. Ovid, "Aurea Pompa venit" (as in *Hesperides* 201).

To be with juice of cedar washed all over. Horace's "linenda cedro," as in *Hesperides.*

Evadne. See Note to *Hesperides* 575.

The New Charon. First printed in "Lachrymae Musarum. The tears of the Muses: exprest in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry, Lord Hastings. . . . Collected and set forth by R[ichard] B[rome]. *London*, 1649." This is the only poem which we know of Herrick's, written after 1648, and even in this Herrick uses materials already employed in "Charon and the Nightingale" in *Hesperides.*

Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles. First printed by Dr. Grosart from the monument in Dean Prior Church. Sir Edward Giles was the occupant of Dean Court and the magnate of the parish.

APPENDIX I.

HERRICK'S POEMS IN WITTS RECREATIONS.

BOTH Mr. Hazlitt and Dr. Grosart have slightly misrepresented the relation of *Hesperides* to the anthology known as *Witts Recreations:* Mr. Hazlitt by mistakes as to their respective contents; Dr. Grosart (after a much more careful collation) by taking down the date of the wrong edition. To put matters straight four editions have to be examined:—

I. "Witts Recreations. Selected from the finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. With a Thousand out Landish Proverbs. *London. Printed for Humph. Blunden at ye Castle in Cornhill*, 1640. 8vo."

This general title-page is engraved by W. Marshall. The Outlandish Proverbs were selected by George Herbert, and, like the first part, have a printed title-page of their own.

II. "Witts Recreations. Augmented with Ingenious Conceites for the wittie and Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie. *London. Printed for Humph. Blunden: at ye Castle in Cornhill*, 1641. 8vo."

In this, and subsequent editions, Marshall's title-page is re-engraved and the Outlandish Proverbs are omitted. The printed title-page reads: "Wit's Recreations. Containing 630 Epigrams, 160 Epitaphs. Variety of Fancies and Fantasticks, Good for Melancholly humours. *London. Printed by Thomas Cotes*," etc. The epigrams vary considerably from the selection in the previous edition.

III. "Witts Recreations refined. Augmented, with Ingenious Conceites for the wittie, and Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie. . . ."

In the Museum copy of this edition the imprint to the engraved title has been cropped away. The printed title-page reads: "Recreation for Ingenious Head-peeces. Or, A Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walke in. Of Epigrams, 630: Epitaphs, 180: Fancies, a number: Fantasticks, abundance, Good for melancholy Humors. *Printed by R. Cotes for H. B. London*, 1645. 8vo." Two poems of Herrick's occur in the additional "Fancies and Fantasticks," first printed in this edition, viz.: *The Description of a Woman* (not contained in *Hesperides*), and the *Farewell to Sack*.

IV. "Witts Recreations refined. Augmented, with Ingenious Conceites for the wittie and Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie. *Printed by M. S. sould by I. Hancock in Popes head Alley*, 1650. 8vo."

The printed title-page reads: "Recreations for Ingenious Head-peeces. Or, A Pleasant Grove for their Wits to Walke in. Of Epigrams, 700: Epitaphs, 200: Fancies, a number: Fantasticks,

abundance. With their Addition, Multiplication, and Division. *London, Printed by M. Simmons,*" etc. In this edition many of the Epigrams are omitted and more than one hundred fresh ones added. Additions are also made to the Epitaphs and Fancies and Fantasticks. Of the new Epigrams and Poems no less than seventy-two had been printed two years earlier in Herrick's *Hesperides*, and ten others were added in 1654 from the same source.

Witts Recreations was again reprinted in 1663, 1667, and perhaps oftener. In 1817 it was issued as vol. ii. of a collection of *Facetiæ*, of which Mennis and Smith's *Musarum Deliciæ* and *Wit Restor'd* formed vol. i. On the title-page *Witts Recreations* is said to be printed from edition 1640, with all the wood engravings and improvements of subsequent editions, and in the preface it is explained to be "reprinted after a collation of the four editions, 1640, 41, 54, and 63, for the purpose of bringing together in one body all the arious articles spread throughout, and not to be found in any one edition". This 1817 reprint was re-issued by Hotten in 1874, and this re-issue, as his references to pagination show, was the one used by Dr. Grosart. The date 1640 on the title-page may have caught his eye and led to his mistaken allusion to the " prior publication " of the Herrick poems in 1640, whereas *Hesperides* was published in 1648, and the editions of *Witts Recreations* which contain anything of his besides the *Description of a Woman* and *A Farewell to Sack*, in 1650, 1654, etc.

In the Notes to the present edition I have drawn

attention to all variations in the text of the poems as printed by Herrick and the later editors, and now subjoin a complete list of the poems under the titles which they take in *Witts Recreations*, with their numbers in this edition.

1645 Edition.

128. A Farewell to Sack.
[Not in *Hesp.*] The Description of a Woman.

1650 Edition Adds:—

123. A Tear sent to his Mis.
159. The Cruel Maid.
162. His Misery.
172. With a Ring to Julia.
200. On Gubbs.
206. On Bunce.
239. On Guesse.
241. On a Painted Madam.
310. On a Child.
311. On Sneape.
328. A Foolish Querie.
340. A Check to her Delay.
352. Nothing New.
357. Long and Lazy.
367. To a Stale Lady.
374. Gain and Gettings.
379. On Doll.
380. On Skrew.
381. On Linnit.
400. On Raspe.
407. On Himself.

408. Love and Liberty.
409. On Skinns.
428. On Craw.
434. On Jack and Jill.
517. Change.
534. To Julia.
572. On Umber.
600. Little and Loud.
616. Abroad with the Maids.
637. On Lungs.
640. On a Child.
644. On an Old Man, a Residentiary.
648. On Cob.
649. On Betty.
650. On Skoles.
661. Ambition.
666. On Zelot.
669. On Crab.
675. On Women's Denial.
676. Adversity.
693. On Tuck.
697. Adversity.
703. On Trigg.
711. Possessions.
735. Maids' Nays.
743. On Julia's Weeping.
752. No Pains No Gains.
761. Alvar and Anthea.
772. A Hymn to Bacchus.
776. Anger.
791. Verses.
795. On Bice.

796. On Trencherman.
797. Kisses.
832. On Punchin.
838. On a Maid.
840. Beauty.
846. Writing.
849. Satisfaction.
873. On Love.
881. ll. 13, 14, Sharp Sauce.
886. On Lulls.
902. Truth.
910. On Ben Jonson.
946. An Hymn to Love.
950. Leaven.
1025. On Boreman.
1084. On Love.
1085. On Gut.
1106. On Rump.
1119. Sauce for Sorrows.
1126. Of this Book.

1654 Edition Adds:—

49. Cherry Pit.
85. On Love.
92. The Bag of a Bee.
208. To make much of Time.
235. On an Old Batchelor.
238. Another. (On the Rose.)
253. Counsel not to Love.
260. How the Violets came blue.
337. A Vow to Cupid.
446. The Farewell to Love and to his Mistress.

APPENDIX II.

HERRICK'S FAIRY POEMS AND THE DESCRIPTION OF THE KING AND QUEENE OF FAYRIES PUBLISHED 1635.

THE publisher's freak, by which Herrick's three chief Fairy poems ("The Fairy Temple; or, Oberon's Chapel," "Oberon's Feast," and "Oberon's Palace") are separated from each other, is greatly to be regretted. The last two, both dedicated to Shapcott, are distinctly connected by their opening lines, and "Oberon's Chapel," dedicated to Mr. John Merrifield, Herrick's other fairy-loving lawyer, of course belongs to the same group. All three were probably first written in 1626 and cannot be dissociated from Drayton's *Nymphidia*, published in 1627, and Sir Simeon Steward's "A Description of the King of Fayries clothes, brought to him on New-yeares day in the morning, 1626 [O. S.], by his Queenes Chambermaids". In 1635 there was published a little book of a dozen leaves, most kindly transcribed for this edition by Mr. E. Gordon Duff, from the unique copy at the Bodleian Library. It is entitled:—

"A | Description | of the King and Queene of | Fayries, their habit, fare, their | abode pompe and state. | Beeing very delightfull to the sense, and | full of mirth. | [Woodcut.] London. | *Printed for Richard Harper, and are to be sold | at his shop, at the Hospitall gate.* 1635."

Fol. 1 is blank; fol. 2 occupied by the title-page; ff. 3, 4 (verso blank) by a letter "To the Reader," signed: "Yours hereafter, If now approved on, R. S.," beginning: "Courteous Reader, I present thee here with the Description of the King of the Fayries, of his Attendants, Apparel, Gesture, and Victuals, which though comprehended in the brevity of so short a volume, yet as the Proverbe truely averres, it hath as mellifluous and pleasing discourse, as that whose amplitude contains the fulnesse of a bigger composition"; on fol. 5 (verso blank) occurs the following poem [spelling here modernised]:—

"Deep-skilled Geographers, whose art and skill
Do traverse all the world, and with their quill
Declare the strangeness of each several clime,
The nature, situation, and the time
Of being inhabited, yet all their art
And deep informèd skill could not impart
In what set climate of this Orb or Isle,
The King of Fairies kept, whose honoured style
Is here inclosed, with the sincere description
Of his abode, his nature, and the region
In which he rules: read, and thou shalt find
Delightful mirth, fit to content thy mind.
May the contents thereof thy palate suit,

With its mellifluous and pleasing fruit:
For nought can more be sweetened to my mind
Than that this Pamphlet thy contentment find;
Which if it shall, my labour is sufficed,
In being by your liking highly prized.
"Yours to his power,
"R. S."

This is followed (pp. 1-3) by: "A Description of the Kings [sic] of Fayries Clothes, brought to him on New-Yeares day in the morning, 1626, by his Queenes Chambermaids:—

"First a cobweb shirt, more thin
Than ever spider since could spin.
Changed to the whiteness of the snow,
By the stormy winds that blow
In the vast and frozen air,
No shirt half so fine, so fair;
A rich waistcoat they did bring,
Made of the Trout-fly's gilded wing:
At which his Elveship 'gan to fret
The wearing it would make him sweat
Even with its weight: he needs would wear
A waistcoat made of downy hair
New shaven off an Eunuch's chin,
That pleased him well, 'twas wondrous thin.
The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leaved, true-loved grass,
Changed into so fine a gloss,
With the oil of crispy moss:
It made a rainbow in the night
Which gave a lustre passing light.

On every seam there was a lace
Drawn by the un 'uous snail's slow pace,
To which the finest, purest, silver thread
Compared, did look like dull pale lead.
His breeches of the Fleece was wrought,
Which from Colchos Jason brought:
Spun into so fine a yarn
No mortal wight might it discern,
Weaved by Arachne on her loom,
Just before she had her doom.
A rich Mantle he did wear,
Made of tinsel gossamer.
Beflowered over with a few
Diamond stars of morning dew:
Dyed crimson in a maiden's blush,
Lined with humble-bees' lost plush.
His cap was all of ladies' love,
So wondrous light, that it did move
If any humming gnat or fly
Buzzed the air in passing by,
About his neck a wreath of pearl,
Dropped from the eyes of some poor girl,
Pinched, because she had forgot
To leave clean water in the pot."

The next page is occupied by a woodcut, and then (pp. 5, misnumbered 4, and 6) comes the variation on Herrick's "Oberon's Feast":—

"A Description of his Diet.

"Now they, the Elves, within a trice,
Prepared a feast less great than nice,
Where you may imagine first,

The Elves prepare to quench his thirst,
In pure seed pearl of infant dew
Brought and sweetened with a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His killing eyes begin to run
Quite o'er the table, where he spies
The horns of watered butterflies,
Of which he eats, but with a little
Neat cool allay of cuckoo's spittle.
Next this the red-cap worm that's shut
Within the concave of a nut.
Moles' eyes he tastes, then adders' ears;
To these for sauce the slain stags' tears,
A bloated earwig, and the pith
Of sugared rush he glads him with.
Then he takes a little moth,
Late fatted in a scarlet cloth,
A spinner's ham, the beards of mice,
Nits carbonadoed, a device
Before unknown; the blood of fleas,
Which gave his Elveship's stomach ease.
The unctuous dew-laps of a snail,
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music, with the sag
And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag.
Conserves of atoms, and the mites,
The silk-worm's sperm, and the delights
Of all that ever yet hath blest
Fairy-land: so ends his feast."

On the next page is printed: "Orpheus. Thrice excelling, for the finishment of this Feast, thou must music it so that the Deities may descend to grace it."

This is succeeded by a page bearing a woodcut, then we have "The Fah..s Fegaries," a poem occupying three more pages followed by another woodcut, and then "The Melancholly Lover's Song," and a third woodcut. The occurrence of the *Melancholy Lover's Song* (the well-known lines beginning: "Hence all you vain delights") in print in 1635 is interesting, as I believe that *The Nice Valour*, the play in which they occur, was not printed till 1647, and Milton's *Il Penseroso*, which they suggested, appeared in 1645. But the verses are rather out of place in the little Fairy-Book.

APPENDIX III.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

HERRICK's name has been so persistently connected with *Poor Robert's Almanack* that a few words must be said on the subject. There is, we are told, a Devonshire tradition ascribing the *Almanack* to him, and this is accepted by Nichols in his *Leicestershire*, and "accredited" by Dr. Grosart. The tradition apparently rests on no better basis than Herrick's Christian name, and of the poems in the issues of the *Almanack* which I have seen, it may be said, that, while the worst of them, save for some lack of neatness of turn, might conceivably have been by Herrick—on the principle that if Herrick could write some of his epigrams, he could write anything—the more ambitious poems it is quite impossible to attribute to the author of the *Hesperides*. But apart from opinion, the negative evidence is overwhelming. Of the three earliest issues in the British Museum, 1664, 1667 and 1669 (all in the annual collections of Almanacs, issued by the Stationers' Company, and all, it may be noted, bound for Charles II.), I transcribe the title-page of the first. "Poor Robin. 1664. An Almanack After a

New Fashion wherein the Reader may see (if he be not blinde) many remarkable things worthy of Observation. Containing a two-fold Kalendar, viz. the Iulian or English, and the Roundheads or Fanaticks: with their several Saints daies and Observations, upon every month. Written by Poor Robin, Knight of the burnt Island and a well-willer to the Mathematicks. Calculated for the Meridian of Saffron Walden, where the Pole is elevated 52 degrees and 6 minutes above the Horizon. London: Printed for the Company of Stationers."

In the 1667 issue the paragraph about the Pole runs: "Where the Maypole is elevated (with a plumm cake on the top of it) 5 yards $\frac{3}{4}$ above the Market Cross". The mention of Saffron Walden had apparently been ridiculed, and the author in this year joins in the laugh, and in 1669 omits the paragraph altogether. But what had Herrick at any time to do with Saffron Walden, and why should the poet, whose politics, apart from some personal devotion to Charles I., were distinctly moderate, mix himself up with an ultra-Cavalier publication? Also, if Herrick be "Poor Robin" we must attribute to him, at least, the greater part of the twenty-one "Poor Robin" publications, of which Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith gave a list in *Notes and Queries*, 6th series, vii. 321-3, *e.g.*, "Poor Robin's Perambulation from the Town of Saffron Walden to London" (1678), "The Merrie Exploits of Poor Robin, the Merrie Saddler of Walden," etc. These have been generally assigned to William Winstanley, the barber-poet, on the ground of a supposed similarity of style,

and from "Poor Robin" having been written under a portrait of him. Mr. Ecroyd Smith, however, attributes them to Robert Winstanley (born, 1646, at Saffron Walden), younger brother of Henry Winstanley, the projector of the Eddystone Lighthouse. He assigns the credit of the "identification" to Mr. Joseph Clark, F.S.A., of the Roos, Saffron Walden, but does not state the grounds which led Mr. Clark to his conclusion, in itself probable enough. In any case there is no valid ground for connecting Herrick either with the *Almanack* or with any of the other "Poor Robin" publications.

INDEX

TO

PERSONS MENTIONED.

ABDIE, Lady. [*See* Soame, Anne.]
Alabaster, Doctor, II. 70.

BALDWIN, Prudence, I. 152, 189, 251; II. 78.
Bartly, Arthur, II. 36.
Beaumont, Francis, II. 4, 276.
Berkley, Sir John, II. 63.
Bradshaw, Katharine, I. 116.
Bridgeman, I. 46.
Buckingham, Duke of, I. 123.

CARLISLE, Countess of, I. 78.
Charles I., I. 28, 29, 74, 133, 198; II. 43, 87, 123, 202, 204, 207.
Charles II., I. 1, 105; II. 13, 66.
Cotton, Charles, the elder, II. 119.
Crew, Lady, I. 237; II. 128.
Crew, Sir Clipseby, I. 139, 201, 228, 248; II. 18.
Crofts, John, II. 83.

DENHAM, Sir John, II. 39.
Dorchester, Marquis of, II. 124, 125.
Dorset, Earl of, I. 235.

FALCONBRIDGE, Margaret, II. 81.
Falconbridge, Thomas, I. 226.
Finch, Elizabeth, II. 123.
Fish, Sir Edward, I. 191.
Fletcher, John, II. 4, 269.

GILES, Sir Edward, II. 272.
Gotiere [Gouter, Jacques], I. 17.

HALL, John, II. 122.
Hall, Joseph, Bishop of Exeter, I. 77.
Harmar, Joseph, II. 125.
Hastings, Henry, Lord, II. 270.
Heale, Sir Thomas, II. 98.
Henrietta Maria, I. 133.
Herrick, Bridget, I. 255.
Herrick, Elizabeth, I. 26, 182.
Herrick, Julia, II. 143.
Herrick, Mercy, II. 86.
Herrick, Nicholas, II. 161.
Herrick, Robert, Poem on his Father, I. 31.
Herrick, Robert, Poem to his Nephew, I. 188.
Herrick, Robert, I. 229; II. 153, 157, 159, 160, 164.
Herrick, Susanna, I. 243; II. 128.
Herrick, Thomas, I. 40; II. 129.
Herrick, William, I. 82.
Hopton, Lord, II. 136.

JINCKS, J., II. 96.
Jonson, Ben, I. 188; II. 4, 11, 30, 109, 110.

KELLAM, II. 112.
Kennedy, Dorothy, I. 50.

LAMIERE, Nicholas, I. 105.

Lawes, Henry, II. 94, 270.
Lawes, William, II. 108.
Lee, Elizabeth, II. 16.
Lowman, Bridget, I. 176.

MERRIFIELD, John, I. 111.
Mince [Mennis], Sir John, I. 244.

NORGATE, Edward, I. 152.
Northly, Henry, I. 155.

OULSWORTH, Michael, II. 159.

PARRY, Sir George, II. 151.
Parsons, Dorothy, I. 234.
Parsons, Tomasin, II. 129.
Pemberton, Sir Lewis, I. 183.
Pembroke, Earl of, I. 177.
Porter, Endymion, I. 49, 87, 229; II. 33, 154.
Portman, Mrs., II. 156.
Potter, Amy, II. 91.
Potter, Grace, II. 133.
Prat, II. 46.

RAMSAY, Robert, I. 85.
Richmond and Lennox, Duke of, I. 212.

SELDEN, John, I. 179.
Shakespeare, William, II. 276.
Shapcott, Thomas, I. 148, 204, 209.
Soame, Anne, I. 181.
Soame, Stephen, I. 250.
Soame, Sir Thomas, I. 220.
Soame, Sir William, I. 163.
Southwell, Sir Thomas, I. 63.

Southwell, Susanna, I. 243.
Steward, Sir Simeon, I. 157.
Stone, Mary, II. 71.
Stone, Sir Richard, I. 232.
Stuart, Lord Bernard, I. 109.
Swetnaham, Lawrence, II. 158.

TRACY, Lady. [*See* Lee, Elizabeth.]

VILLARS [Villiers], Lady Mary, I. 172.

WARR [*or* Weare], John, I. 57, 253.
Westmoreland, Earl of, I. 47, 125, 215.
Wheeler, Elizabeth, I. 55, 132; II. 153.
Wheeler, Penelope, I. 236.
Wickes, John, I. 165; II. 37, 150.
Willan, Leonard, II. 121.
Willand, Mary, I. 239.
Williams, John, Bishop of Lincoln, I. 62; II. 267.
Wilson, Dr. John, I. 47.
Wingfield, John, II. 8.

YARD, Lettice, I. 155.
York, Duke of, I. 134.

INDEX

OF

FIRST LINES.

A BACHELOR I will, I. 14.
A crystal vial Cupid brought, II. 24.
A funeral stone, I. 35.
A golden fly one show'd to me, I. 233.
A gyges ring they bear about them still, II. 61.
A just man's like a rock that turns the wrath, I. 190.
A little mushroom table spread, I. 148.
A little saint best fits a little shrine, II. 59.
A long life's-day I've taken pains, II. 11.
A man prepar'd against all ills to come, I. 160.
A man's transgressions God does then remit, II. 196.
A master of a house, as I have read, II. 73.
A prayer that is said alone, II. 226.
A roll of parchment Clunn about him bears, II. 117.
A sweet disorder in the dress, I. 32.
A wanton and lascivious eye, II. 66.
A way enchased with glass and beads, I. 111.
A wearied pilgrim, I have wandered here, II. 157.
A willow garland thou didst send, I. 201.
About the sweet bag of a bee, I. 36.
Abundant plagues I late have had, II. 188.
Adverse and prosperous fortunes both work on, II. 182.
Adversity hurts none but only such, II. 47.
Afflictions bring us joy in time to come, II. 182.

Afflictions they most profitable are, II. 174.
After the feast, my Shapcot, see, I. 204.
After the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died, I. 188.
After this life, the wages shall, II. 225.
After thy labour take thine ease, II. 163.
After true sorrow for our sins, our strife, II. 201.
Against diseases here the strongest fence, II. 162.
Ah, Ben! II. 110.
Ah, Bianca! now I see, II. 132.
Ah, cruel love! must I endure, I. 90.
Ah! Lycidas, come tell me why, I. 229.
Ah, me! I love; give him your hand to kiss, II. 91.
Ah, my Anthea! Must my heart still break, I. 27.
Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see, I. 8.
Ah, Posthumus! our years hence fly, I. 165.
Alas! I can't, for tell me how, II. 159.
All are not ill plots that do sometimes fail, II. 162.
All has been plundered from me but my wit, II. 90.
All I have lost that could be rapt from me, II. 212.
All things are open to these two events, I. 227.
All things decay with time: the forest sees, I. 25.
All things o'er-ruled are here, by chance, I. 248.
All things subjected are to fate, II. 7.
Along, come along, II. 148.
Along the dark and silent night, II. 214.
Although our sufferings meet with no relief, II. 163.
Although we cannot turn the fervent fit, II. 192.
Am I despised because you say, I. 75.
Among disasters that dissension brings, II. 75.
Among the myrtles as I walk'd, I. 132.
Among these tempests great and manifold, II. 147.
Among thy fancies tell me this, I. 162.
And as time past when Cato, the severe, II. 124.
And, cruel maid, because I see, I. 72.
And must we part, because some say, I. 57.

Angels are called gods; yet of them none, II. 224.
Angry if Irene be, I. 256
Anthea bade me tie her shoe, I. 14.
Anthea, I am going hence, II. 95.
Anthea laugh'd, and fearing lest excess, II. 137.
Apollo sings, his harp resounds: give room, II. 269.
Art quickens nature; care will make a face, I. 120.
Art thou not destin'd? then with haste go on, II. 237.
As gilliflowers do but stay, I. 156.
As in our clothes, so likewise he who looks, I. 254.
As is your name, so is your comely face, II. 133.
As Julia once a-slumbering lay, I. 86.
As lately I a garland bound, I. 119.
As many laws and lawyers do express, II. 53.
As my little pot doth boil, II. 248.
As oft as night is banish'd by the morn, I. 29.
As shows the air when with a rainbow grac'd, I. 47.
As sunbeams pierce the glass, and streaming in, II. 231.
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let, I. 244.
As wearied pilgrims, once possessed, II. 16.
Ask me what hunger is, and I'll reply, II. 115.
Ask me why I do not sing, I. 164.
Ask me why I send you here, II. 6.
At draw-gloves we'll play, I. 122.
At my homely country seat, I. 191.
At post and pair, or slam, Tom Tuck would play, II. 46.
At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play, II. 45.
Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt, II. 137.
Away enchased with glass and beads, I. 111.
Away with silks, away with lawn, I. 193.

BACCHUS, let me drink no more, I. 153.
Bad are the times. And worse than they are we, I. 198.
Be bold, my book, nor be abash'd, or fear, II. 11.
Be not dismayed, though crosses cast thee down, II. 137.

Be not proud, but now incline, I. 120.
Be the mistress of my choice, II. 36.
Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend, II. 241.
Beauty no other thing is than a beam, I. 39.
Beauty's no other but a lovely grace, II. 92.
Before man's fall the rose was born, II. 246.
Before the press scarce one could see, II. 107.
Begin to charm, and as thou strok'st mine ears, I. 81.
Begin with a kiss, II. 57.
Begin with Jove; then is the work half-done, I. 159.
Bellman of night if I about shall go, II. 182.
Besides us two, i' th' temple here's not one, I. 210.
Biancha let, I. 34.
Bid me to live, and I will live, I. 135.
Bind me but to thee with thine hair, II. 115.
Blessings in abundance come, I. 155.
Born I was to be old, I. 247.
Born I was to meet with age, I. 240.
Both you two have, I. 138.
Break off delay, since we but read of one, II. 63.
Breathe, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest, I. 84.
Bright tulips, we do know, I. 231.
Bring me my rosebuds, drawer, come, II. 6.
Bring the holy crust of bread, II. 103.
Brisk methinks I am, and fine, II. 134.
Burn or drown me, choose ye whether, II. 67.
But born, and like a short delight, I. 84.
By dream I saw one of the three, I. 192.
By hours we all live here; in Heaven is known, II. 240.
By so much virtue is the less, II. 66.
By the next kindling of the day, II. 88.
By the weak'st means things mighty are o'erthrown, II. 48.
By those soft tods of wool, II. 71.
By time and counsel do the best we can, I. 150.

CALL me no more, I. 180
Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these, II. 186.
Can I not sin, but thou wilt be, II. 193.
Care keeps the conquest; 'tis no less renown, II. 132.
Case is a lawyer that ne'er pleads alone, II. 127.
Charm me asleep, and melt me so, I. 117.
Charms that call down the moon from out her sphere, I. 122.
Charon, O Charon, draw thy boat to th' shore, II. 270.
Charon! O gentle Charon! let me woo thee, II. 58.
Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, I. 21.
Choose me your valentine, I. 36.
Christ, He requires still, wheresoe'er He comes, II. 192.
Christ, I have read, did to His chaplains say, II. 223.
Christ never did so great a work but there, II. 237.
Christ took our nature on Him, not that He, II. 238.
Christ was not sad, i' the garden, for His own, II. 227.
Christ, when He hung the dreadful cross upon, II. 228.
Clear are her eyes, I. 243.
Close keep your lips, if that you mean, II. 61.
Come, and let's in solemn wise, II. 99.
Come, Anthea, know thou this, II. 41.
Come, Anthea, let us two, II. 68.
Come, blitheful neat-herds, let us lay, II. 51.
Come, bring with a noise, II. 79.
Come, bring your sampler, and with art, I. 10.
Come, come away, I. 172.
Come down and dance ye in the toil, I. 9.
Come, guard this night the Christmas-pie, II. 80.
Come, leave this loathed country life, and then, I. 214.
Come, pity us, all ye who see, II., 216.
Come, sit we by the fire's side, II. 20.
Come, sit we under yonder tree, II. 15.
Come, skilful Lupo, now, and take, I. 46.
Come, sons of summer, by whose toil, I. 125.

Come, then, and like two doves with silv'ry wings, II. 2.
Come thou not near those men who are like bread, I. 5.
Come thou, who art the wine and wit, I. 238.
Come to me God; but do not come, II. 242.
Come with the spring-time forth, fair maid, and be I. 176.
Command the roof, great Genius, and from thence, II. 55.
Confession twofold is, as Austine says, II. 244.
Conformity gives comeliness to things, II. 147.
Conformity was ever known, I. 28.
Conquer we shall, but we must first contend, II. 115.
Consider sorrows, how they are aright, II. 84.
Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on, II. 65.
Crab faces gowns with sundry furs; 'tis known, II. 37.
Cupid, as he lay among, I. 59.
Cynthius, pluck ye by the ear, I. 62.

DARK and dull night, fly hence away, II. 203.
Dead falls the cause if once the hand be mute, I. 154.
Dean Bourne, farewell; I never look to see, I. 33.
Dear God, II. 201.
Dear Perenna, prithee come, I. 110.
Dear, though to part it be a hell, I. 39.
Dearest of thousands, now the time draws near, II. 20.
Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to speed, II. 135.
Dew sat on Julia's hair, I. 226.
Did I or love, or could I others draw, I. 253.
Die ere long, I'm sure I shall, II. 151.
Discreet and prudent we that discord call, II. 64.
Display thy breasts my Julia—Here let me, I. 119.
Do with me, God, as Thou didst deal with John, II. 174.
Does fortune rend thee? Bear with thy hard fate, II. 87.

Down with the rosemary and bays, II. 104.
Down with the rosemary, and so, II. 129.
Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent, II. 144.
Drink up, II. 131.
Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may, II. 31.
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head, I. 6.
Drowning, drowning, I espy, II. 126.
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrow's rain, I. 131.
Dull to myself, and almost dead to these, II. 13.

EACH must in virtue strive for to excel, I. 151.
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheer, I. 248.
Empires of kings are now, and ever were, I. 202.
End now the white loaf and the pie, II. 105.
Ere I go hence, and be no more, II. 260.
Every time seems short to be, I. 202.
Evil no nature hath; the loss of good, II. 207.
Examples lead us, and we likely see, II. 68.
Excess is sluttish: keep the mean; for why? II. 162.

FAIN would I kiss my Julia's dainty leg, I. 175.
Fair and foul days trip cross and pile; the fair, I. 237.
Fair daffodils, we weep to see, I. 156.
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree, I. 220.
Fair was the dawn; and but e'en now the skies, I. 99.
Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall, II. 114.
Fame's pillar here, at last, we set, II. 165.
Farewell, thou thing, time past so known, so dear, I. 53.
Fat be my hind; unlearned be my wife, II. 116.
Fight thou with shafts of silver and o'ercome, I. 23.
Fill me a mighty bowl, II. 30.
Fill me my wine in crystal; thus, and thus, I. 234.
First, April, she with mellow showers, I. 26.

First, for effusions due unto the dead, I. 26.
First, for your shape, the curious cannot show, I. 237.
First, may the hand of bounty bring, II. 112.
First offer incense, then thy field and meads, I. 180.
Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear, II. 27.
Fly hence, pale care, no more remember, II. 267.
Fly me not, though I be grey, I. 244.
Fly to my mistress, pretty pilfering bee, I. 124.
Fold now thine arms and hang the head, I. 56.
Fools are they who never know, I. 119.
For a kiss or two, confess, II. 130.
For all our works a recompense is sure, II. 93.
For all thy many courtesies to me, II. 83.
For being comely, consonant, and free, II. 8.
For brave comportment, wit without offence, II. 119.
For civil, clean, and circumcised wit, I. 244.
For each one body that i' th' earth is sown, II. 236.
For my embalming, Julia, do but this, I. 161.
For my neighbour, I'll not know, I. 103.
For my part, I never care, I. 100.
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts, I. 152.
For punishment in war it will suffice, I. 165.
For sport my Julia threw a lace, I. 145.
For those, my unbaptised rhymes, II. 169.
For truth I may this sentence tell, II. 151.
Fortune did never favour one, I. 240.
Fortune no higher project can devise, I. 246.
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own, II. 45.
Fresh strewings allow, II. 69.
Frolic virgins once these were, I. 190.
From me my Sylvia ran away, II. 109.
From noise of scare-fires rest ye free, I. 151.
From the dull confines of the drooping West, II. 50.
From the temple to your home, II. 21.
From this bleeding hand of mine, I. 108.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may, I. 102.
Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn, I. 82.
Give house-room to the best; 'tis never known, II. 116.
Give if thou canst an alms; if not, afford, II. 193.
Give me a cell, II. 73.
Give me a man that is not dull, II. 146.
Give me honours! what are these, II. 191.
Give me one kiss, I. 246.
Give me that man that dares bestride, I. 35.
Give me the food that satisfies a guest. II. 82.
Give me wine, and give me meat, II. 18.
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st, II. 239.
Give Want her welcome if she comes; we find, II. 12.
Give way, and be ye ravish'd by the sun, I. 246.
Give way, give way now; now my Charles shines here, II. 43.
Give way, give way, ye gates and win, I. 223.
Glide, gentle streams, and bear, I. 51.
Glory be to the graces! II. 76.
Glory no other thing is, Tullie says, II. 50.
Go, happy rose, and interwove, I. 121.
Go hence, and with this parting kiss, I. 217.
Go hence away, and in thy parting know, II. 269.
Go I must; when I am gone, I. 250.
Go, perjured man; and if thou e'er return, I. 59.
Go on, brave Hopton, to effectuate that, II. 136.
Go, pretty child, and bear this flower, II. 189.
Go thou forth, my book, though late, II. 164.
Go, woo young Charles no more to look, II. 13.
God as He is most holy known, II. 174.
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known, II. 222.
God, as the learned Damascene doth write, II. 227.
God bought man here with His heart's blood expense, II. 237.
God can do all things, save but what are known, II. 228.

God can't be wrathful: but we may conclude, II. 248.
God could have made all rich, or all men poor, II. 192.
God did forbid the Israelites to bring, II. 230.
God doth embrace the good with love, and gains, II. 237.
God doth not promise here to man that He, II. 247.
God from our eyes, all tears hereafter wipes, II. 223.
God gives not only corn for need, II. 191.
God gives to none so absolute an ease, II. 234.
God had but one Son free from sin; but none, II. 222.
God has a right hand, but is quite bereft, II. 244.
God has four keys, which He reserves alone, II. 239.
God has His whips here to a twofold end, II. 175.
God hates the dual numbers, being known, II. 246.
God hath this world for many made, 'tis true, II. 234.
God hath two wings which He doth ever move, II. 171.
God, He refuseth no man, but makes way, II. 222.
God, He rejects all prayers that are slight, II. 173.
God hears us when we pray, but yet defers, II. 176.
God hides from man the reck'ning day, that he, II. 224.
God in His own day will be then severe, II. 226.
God, in the holy tongue, they call, II. 231.
God is above the sphere of our esteem, II. 170.
God is all forepart; for, we never see, II. 173.
God is all present to whate'er we do, II. 243.
God is all sufferance here, here He doth show, II. 194.
God is His name of nature; but that word, II. 223.
God is Jehovah called: which name of His, II. 232.
God is more here than in another place, II. 234.
God is not only merciful to call, II. 173.
God is not only said to be, II. 170.
God is so potent, as His power can, II. 229.
God is then said for to descend, when He, II. 245.
God loads and unloads, thus His work begins, II. 172.
God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring, II. 211.

God ne'er afflicts us more than our desert, II. 171.
God on our youth bestows but little ease, II. 229.
God pardons those who do through frailty sin, II. 176.
God scourgeth some severely, some He spares, II. 174.
God still rewards us more than our desert, II. 244.
God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent, II. 176.
God suffers not His saints and servants dear, II. 243.
God tempteth no one, as St. Aug'stine saith, II. 225.
God then confounds man's face when He not hears, II. 228.
God ! to my little meal and oil, II. 221.
God, when for sin He makes His children smart, II. 174.
God, when He's angry here with anyone, II. 171.
God, when He takes my goods and chattels hence II. 200.
God, who me gives a will for to repent, II. 247.
God, who's in heaven, will hear from thence, II. 227.
God will have all or none; serve Him, or fall, II. 187.
God's boundless mercy is, to sinful man, II. 172.
God's bounty, that ebbs less and less, II. 194.
God's evident, and may be said to be, II. 232.
God's grace deserves here to be daily fed, II. 222.
God's hands are round and smooth, that gifts may fall, II. 225.
God's prescience makes none sinful; but th' offence, II. 238.
God's present everywhere, but most of all, II. 236.
God's rod doth watch while men do sleep, and then II. 74.
God's said our hearts to harden then, II. 246.
God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He, II. 232.
God's said to leave this place, and for to come, II. 231.
God's undivided, One in Persons Three, II. 232.
Goddess, I begin an art, I. 245.

Goddess, I do love a girl, I. 171.
Goddess of youth, and lady of the spring, I. 133.
Gold I have none, but I present my need, II. 209.
Gold I've none, for use or show, I. 109.
Gold serves for tribute to the king, II. 247.
Gone she is a long, long way, II. 93.
Good and great God! how should I fear, II. 245.
Good-day, Mirtello. And to you no less, I. 105.
Good morrow to the day so fair, I. 195.
Good precepts we must firmly hold, I. 235.
Good princes must be pray'd for; for the bad, I. 37.
Good speed, for I this day, I. 107.
Good things that come, of course, for less do please. I. 154.
Great cities seldom rest; if there be none, II. 144.
Great men by small means oft are overthrown, I. 227.
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all, II. 37.
Grow up in beauty, as thou dost begin, II. 129.

HAIL holy and all-honoured tomb, II. 254.
Handsome you are, and proper you will be, II. 123.
Hang up hooks and shears to scare, II. 104.
Happily I had a sight, II. 140.
Happy's that man to whom God gives, II. 185.
Hard are the two first stairs unto a crown, II. 114.
Hast thou attempted greatness? then go on, II. 64.
Hast thou begun an act? ne'er then give o'er, II. 42.
Haste is unhappy: what we rashly do, II. 85.
Have, have ye no regard, all ye, II. 251.
Have I not blest thee? Then go forth, nor fear, I. 193.
Have ye beheld (with much delight), I. 203.
He that ascended in a cloud shall come, II. 227.
He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound, II. 226.
He that may sin, sins least: leave to transgress, I. 136.
He that will live of all cares dispossess'd, II. 129.

He that will not love must be, I. 127.
He who commends the vanquished, speaks the power, I. 252.
He who has suffered shipwreck fears to sail, II. 11.
He who wears blacks and mourns not for the dead, II. 148.
Health is no other, as the learned hold, II. 42.
Health is the first good lent to men, I. 50.
Hear, ye virgins, and I'll teach, I. 151.
Heaven is most fair; but fairer He, I. 227.
Heaven is not given for our good works here, II. 239.
Hell is no other but a soundless pit, II. 214.
Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds, II. 214.
Help me help me! now I call, I. 10.
Help me, Julia, for to pray, II. 154.
Hence a blessed soul is fled, II. 9.
Hence, hence, profane, and none appear, II. 205.
Hence, hence, profane! soft silence let us have, I. 109.
Hence they have borne my Lord; behold! the stone, II. 255.
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee, II. 17.
Her pretty feet, I. 243.
Here a little child I stand, II. 202.
Here a pretty baby lies, II. 26.
Here a solemn fast we keep, I. 212.
Here, here, I live, I. 214.
Here down my wearied limbs I'll lay, I. 153.
Here, here I live with what my board, I. 251.
Here I myself might likewise die, II. 82.
Here lies a virgin, and as sweet, II. 71.
Here lies Jonson with the rest, II. 109.
Here she lies, a pretty bud, I. 154.
Here she lies in bed of spice, II. 91.
Here we are all by day; by night we're hurl'd, I. 23.
Here we securely live and eat, I. 248.

Holyrood, come forth and shield, I. 222.
Holy water come and bring, II. 73.
Holy waters hither bring, II. 127.
Honour thy parents; but good manners call, II. 202.
Honour to you who sit, II. 76.
How am I bound to Two! God who doth give, II. 190.
How am I ravish'd! when I do but see, I. 174.
How can I choose but love and follow her, I. 227.
How dull and dead are books that cannot show, I. 177.
How fierce was I, when I did see, II. 117.
How long, Perenna, wilt thou see, I. 222.
How love came in I do not know, I. 27.
How rich a man is all desire to know, I. 161.
How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art, I. 34.
How well contented in this private grange, II. 136.
Humble we must be, if to heaven we go, II. 200.

I A DIRGE will pen to thee, II. 128.
I am holy while I stand, II. 30.
I am of all bereft, I. 216.
I am sieve-like, and can hold, I. 146.
I am zealless; prithee pray, II. 95.
I ask'd my Lucia but a kiss, II. 10.
I asked thee oft what poets thou hast read, I. 80.
I begin to wane in sight, I. 226.
I brake thy bracelet 'gainst my will, II. 48.
I bring ye love. What will love do? II. 135.
I burn, I burn; and beg of you, I. 60.
I call, I call: who do ye call? I. 139.
I can but name thee, and methinks I call, I. 163.
I cannot love as I have lov'd before, II. 72.
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do, II. 2.
I cannot suffer; and in this my part, I. 210.
I could but see thee yesterday, II. 89.
I could never love indeed, I. 228.

I could wish you all who love, I. 147.
I crawl, I creep ; my Christ, I come, II. 221.
I dare not ask a kiss, II. 35.
I dislik'd but even now, I. 194.
I do believe that die I must, II. 195.
I do love I know not what, II. 7.
I do not love, nor can it be, I 194.
I do not love to wed, I. 200.
I dreamed we both were in a bed, I. 22.
I dreamt the roses one time went, I. 97.
I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse, II. 194.
I fear no earthly powers, I. 78.
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwells, I. 8.
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold, II. 163.
I have been wanton and too bold, I fear, II. 160.
I have beheld two lovers in a night, II. 263.
I have lost, and lately, these, I. 17.
I have my laurel chaplet on my head, II. 151.
I heard ye coula cool heat, and came, I. 196.
I held Love's head while it did ache, I. 236.
I lately fri'd, but now behold, II. 111.
I make no haste to have my numbers read, II. 19.
I must, II. 133.
I played with Love, as with the fire, I. 255.
I press'd my Julia's lips, and in the kiss, II. 48.
I saw a fly within a bead, II. 86.
I saw about her spotless wrist, I. 78.
I saw a cherry weep, and why? I. 12.
I send, I send here my supremest kiss, II. 143.
I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers, I. 3.
I sing thy praise, Iacchus, II. 74.
I, who have favour'd many, come to be, I. 179.
I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd, II. 121.
I will confess, II. 118.
I will no longer kiss, II. 159.

I would to God that mine old age might have, II. 213.
I'll come, I'll creep, though Thou dost threat, II. 182.
I'll come to thee in all those shapes, I. 70.
I'll do my best to win when e'er I woo, I. 36.
I'll get me hence, II. 13.
I'll hope no more, II. 209.
I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write, II. 32.
I'll to thee a simnel bring, II. 43.
I'll write, because I'll give, I. 37.
I'll write no more of love; but now repent, II. 164.
I'm free from thee; and thou no more shalt bear, I. 18.
I'm sick of love, O let me lie, I. 197.
I've paid thee what I promis'd; that's not all, I. 209.
If accusation only can draw blood, I. 244.
If after rude and boisterous seas, I. 117.
If all transgressions here should have their pay, II. 175.
If anything delight me for to print, II. 190.
If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be, I. 11.
If hap it must, that I must see thee lie, II. 123.
If I dare write to you, my lord, who are, I. 235.
If I have played the truant, or have here, II. 249.
If I kiss Anthea's breast, I. 71.
If I lie unburied, sir, II. 87.
If kings and kingdoms once distracted be, II. 161.
If little labour, little are our gains, II. 66.
If meat the gods give, I the steam, I. 24.
If men can say that beauty dies, I. 256.
If 'mongst my many poems I can see, I. 76.
If nature do deny, II. 26.
If nine times you your bridegroom kiss, II. 6.
If so be a toad be laid, II. 8.
If that my fate has now fulfil'd my year, II. 96.
If thou ask me, dear, wherefore, I. 234.
If thou be'st taken, God forbid, II. 251.
If thou hast found a honey comb, II. 109.

If war or want shall make me grow so poor, II. 179.
If well the dice run, let's applaud the cast, II. 18.
If well thou hast begun, go on fore-right, I. 154.
If when these lyrics, Cæsar, you shall hear, I. 133.
If wholesome diet can re-cure a man, II. 148.
If ye fear to be affrighted, II. 152.
If ye will with Mab find grace, I. 252.
Immortal clothing I put on, II. 86.
Imparity doth ever discord bring, II. 85.
In a dream, Love bade me go, II. 29.
In all our high designments 'twill appear, II. 114.
In all thy need be thou possess'd, II. 57.
In battles what disasters fall, II. 111.
In desp'rate cases all, or most, are known, II. 89.
In doing justice God shall then be known, II. 243.
In God's commands ne'er ask the reason why, II. 248.
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be, II. 227.
In holy meetings there a man may be, I. 203.
In man ambition is the common'st thing, I. 23.
In numbers, and but these a few, II. 176.
In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part, II. 178.
In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse, I. 5.
In the hope of ease to come, II. 143.
In the hour of my distress, II. 180.
In the morning when ye rise, II. 152.
In the old Scripture I have often read, II. 178.
In things a moderation keep, II. 77.
In this little urn is laid, II. 78.
In this little vault she lies, I. 61.
In this misfortune kings do most excel, II. 115.
In this world, the isle of dreams, II. 220.
In time of life I graced ye with my verse, I. 173.
In vain our labours are whatsoe'er they be, II. 223.
In ways to greatness, think on this, II. 33.
Instead of orient pearls of jet, I. 15.

Instruct me now what love will do? II. 15
Is this a fast, to keep, II. 240.
Is this a life, to break thy sleep, II. 37.
It is sufficient if we pray, I. 71.
It was, and still my care is, II. 40.

JACOB God's beggar was; and so we wait, II. 228.
Jealous girls these sometimes were, I. 234.
Jehovah, as Boetius saith, II. 228.
Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs, I. 192.
Judith has cast her old skin and got new, I, 177.
Julia and I did lately sit, I. 20.
Julia bring, I, 78.
Julia, if I chance to die, I, 23.
Julia was careless, and withal, I. 13.
Julia, when thy Herrick dies, I. 233.
Justly our dearest Saviour may abhor us, II. 236.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then, II. 105.
Kings must be dauntless; subjects will contemn, II. 160.
Kings must not oft be seen by public eyes, II. 42.
Kings must not only cherish up the good, II. 75.
Kings must not use the axe for each offence, II. 135.
Knew'st thou one month would take thy life away, II. 49.
Know when to speak for many times it brings, II. 146.

LABOUR we must, and labour hard, II. 225.
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be, I. 20.
Lasciviousness is known to be, II. 223.
Last night I drew up mine account, II. 210.
Lay by the good a while; a resting field, II. 113.
Learn this of me, where'er thy lot doth fall, I. 192.
Let all chaste matrons when they chance to see, I. 70.
Let but thy voice engender with the string, I. 127.
Let fair or foul my mistress be, II. 5.

Let kings and rulers learn this line from me, II. 126.
Let kings command and do the best they may, I. 174.
Let me be warm, let me be fully fed, I. 36.
Let me not live if I do not love, II. 157.
Let me sleep this night away, I. 251.
Let moderation on thy passions wait, II. 146.
Let not that day God's friends and servants scare, II. 220.
Let not thy tombstone e'er be lain by me, II. 101.
Let others look for pearl or gold, II. 190.
Let others to the printing press run fast, II. 141.
Let the superstitious wife, II. 103.
Let there be patrons, patrons like to thee, I. 49.
Let us now take time and play, II. 46.
Let us, though late, at last, my Silvia, wed, I. 6.
Let's be jocund while we may, II. 26.
Let's call for Hymen if agreed thou art, II. 77.
Let's live in haste; use pleasures while we may, I. 213.
Let's live with that small pittance that we have, II. 12.
Let's now take our time, II. 84.
Let's strive to be the best: the gods, we know it, II. 135
Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight, I. 88.
Life is the body's light, which once declining, II. 5.
Like those infernal deities which eat, II. 88.
Like to a bride, come forth my book, at last, I. 92.
Like to the income must be our expense, I. 147.
Like will to like, each creature loves his kind, II. 147.
Lilies will languish; violets look ill, I. 49.
Little you are, for woman's sake be proud, II. 11.
Live by thy muse thou shalt, when others die, II. 9.
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see, I. 240.
Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate, I. 13.
Look how our foul days do exceed our fair, II. 169.
Look how the rainbow doth appear, I. 175.
Look in my book, and herein see, II. 108.
Look upon Sappho's lip, and you will swear, II. 131.

Lord do not beat me, II. 185.
Lord, I am like to mistletoe, II. 213.
Lord, I confess that Thou alone art able, II. 194.
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell, II. 183.
Lost to the world; lost to myself alone, II. 121.
Loth to depart, but yet at last each one, I. 176.
Love and myself, believe me, on a day, I. 19.
Love and the graces evermore do wait, II. 68.
Love bade me ask a gift, I. 124.
Love brought me to a silent grove, II. 97.
Love he that will, it best likes me, I. 195.
Love, I have broke, I. 215.
Love, I recant, I. 123.
Love in a shower of blossoms came, II. 102.
Love is a circle, and an endless sphere, II. 91.
Love is a circle that doth restless move, I. 13.
Love is a kind of war: hence those who fear, II. 100.
Love is a leaven; and a loving kiss, II. 120.
Love is a syrup, and whoe'er we see, II. 120.
Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent, II. 41.
Love like a beggar came to me, II. 118.
Love like a gipsy lately came, I. 76.
Love, love begets, then never be, II. 64.
Love, love me now, because I place, II. 96.
Love on a day, wise poets tell, I. 131.
Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare, I. 33.
Love's a thing, as I do hear, I. 146.
Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all, II. 157.
Love-sick I am, and must endure, I. 72.

MAIDENS tell me I am old, II. 94.
Maids' nays are nothing, they are shy, II. 60.
Make haste away, and let one be, II. 92.
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God, II. 185.
Make me a heaven and make me there, I. 56.

Man is a watch, wound up at first, but never, I. 254.
Man is compos'd here of a twofold part, I. 191.
Man knows where first he ships himself, but he, I. 221.
Man may at first transgress, but next do well, II. 141.
Man may want land to live in, but for all, II. 84.
Man must do well out of a good intent, II. 112.
Man's disposition is for to requite, II. 114.
Many we are, and yet but few possess, I. 221.
May his pretty dukeship grow, I. 134.
Men are not born kings, but are men renown'd, II. 49.
Men are suspicious, prone to discontent, II. 113.
Men must have bounds how far to walk; for we, II. 132.
Men say y'are fair, and fair ye are, 'tis true, I. 122.
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be, II. 225.
Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed, II. 139.
Methought last night love in an anger came, I. 18.
Mighty Neptune, may it please, I. 161.
Milk still your fountains and your springs, for why? II. 90.
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain, II. 41.
Mop-eyed I am, as some have said, I. 120.
More discontents I never had, I. 21.
More white than whitest lilies far, I. 40.
Music, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell, I. 128.
My dearest love, since thou wilt go, II. 153.
My faithful friend, if you can see, I. 97.
My God, I'm wounded by my sin, II. 173.
My God! look on me with thine eye, II. 175
My head doth ache, II. 9.
My Lucia in the dew did go, II. 58.
My many cares and much distress, II. 139.
My muse in meads has spent her many hours, I. 116.
My soul would one day go and seek, II. 101.
My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd, II. 164.
My wooing's ended: now my wedding's near, I. 225.

NAUGHT are all women: I say no, II. 102.
Need is no vice at all, though here it be, II. 48.
Nero commanded; but withdrew his eyes, II. 42.
Never my book's perfection did appear, I. 123.
Never was day so over-sick with showers, I. 62.
Next is your lot, fair, to be numbered one, I. 236.
Night hath no wings to him that cannot sleep, II. 195.
Night hides our thefts, all faults then pardon'd be, II. 8.
Night makes no difference 'twixt priest and clerk, II. 97.
No fault in women to refuse, I. 148.
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill, II. 148.
No man comes late unto that place from whence, II. 31.
No man is tempted so but may o'ercome, II. 236.
No man so well a kingdom rules, as he, II. 155.
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim, II. 121.
No more, my Sylvia, do I mean to pray, II. 2.
No more shall I, since I am driven hence, I. 164.
No news of navies burnt at seas, I. 157.
No trust to metals, nor to marbles, when, II. 272.
No wrath of men or rage of seas, II. 14.
Noah the first was, as tradition says, II. 233.
None goes to warfare but with this intent, I. 50.
Noonday and midnight shall at once be seen, I. 71.
Nor art thou less esteem'd that I have plac'd, II. 70.
Nor is my number full till I inscribe, I. 250.
Nor think that thou in this my book art worst, II. 159.
Not all thy flushing suns are set, I. 87.
Nothing can be more loathsome than to see, II. 10.
Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will not let, I. 221.
Nothing hard or harsh can prove, II. 48.
Nothing is new, we walk where others went, I. 175.
Now if you love me, tell me, II. 150.
Now is the time for mirth, I. 97.
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim, I. 22.
Now is your turn, my dearest, to be set, II. 81.

Now, now's the time, so oft by truth, I. 63.
Now, now the mirth comes, II. 145.
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see, II. 125.

O EARTH! earth! earth! hear thou my voice, and be, I. 21.
O Jealousy, that art, I. 213.
O Jupiter, should I speak ill, II. 61.
O Times most bad, II. 10.
O Thou, the wonder of all days! II. 196.
O years! and age! farewell, II. 189.
O you the virgins nine! II. 31.
Of all our parts, the eyes express, I. 152.
Of all the good things whatsoe'er we do, II. 255.
Of all those three brave brothers fall'n i' th' war, I. 212.
Of both our fortunes good and bad we find, II. 71.
Offer thy gift; but first the law commands, II. 122.
Oft bend the bow, and thou with ease shalt do, II. 55.
Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say, I. 187.
Old wives have often told how they, I. 19.
On, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get, I. 188.
On with thy work, though thou be'st hardly press'd, II. 137.
One ask'd me where the roses grew, I. 19.
One birth our Saviour had; the like none yet, II. 231.
One ear tingles, some there be, II. 160.
One feeds on lard, and yet is lean, I. 216.
One man repentant is of more esteem, II. 235.
One more by thee, love, and desert have sent, I. 239.
One night i' th' year, my dearest beauties, come, II. 23.
One of the five straight branches of my hand, I. 256.
One only fire has hell; but yet it shall, II. 239.
One silent night of late, I. 30.
Only a little more, I. 103.
Open thy gates, II. 212.
Or look'd I back unto the time hence flown, II. 39.

Orpheus he went, as poets tell, II. 82.
Other men's sins we ever bear in mind, II. 66.
Our bastard children are but like to plate, II. 139.
Our crosses are no other than the rods, II. 97.
Our honours and our commendations be, I. 150.
Our household gods our parents be, II. 29.
Our mortal parts may wrapp'd in sear-clothes lie, I. 251.
Our present tears here, not our present laughter, II 201.
Out of the world he must, who once comes in, I. 251.

PARADISE is, as from the learn'd I gather, II, 229.
Pardon me, God, once more I Thee entreat, II. 212.
Pardon my trespass, Silvia, I confess, II. 116.
Part of the work remains; one part is past, II. 164.
Partly work and partly play, II. 142.
Paul, he began ill, but he ended well, II. 234.
Permit me, Julia, now to go away, I. 72.
Permit mine eyes to see, II. 210.
Phœbus! when that I a verse, I. 152.
Physicians fight not against men; but these, II. 29.
Physicians say repletion springs, II. 121.
Play I could once; but gentle friend, you see, I. 103.
Play, Phœbus, on thy lute, I. 190.
Play their offensive and defensive parts, II. 211.
Please your grace, from out your store, II. 25.
Ponder my words, if so that any be, II. 111.
Praise they that will times past; I joy to see, II. 114.
Prat, he writes satires, but herein's the fault, II. 46.
Prayers and praises are those spotless two, II. 171.
Predestination is the cause alone, II. 237.
Prepare for songs; He's come, He's come, II. 204.
Preposterous is that government, and rude, I. 246.
Preposterous is that order, when we run, II. 49.
Princes and fav'rites are most dear, while they, II, 67.
Prue, my dearest maid, is sick, I. 152.

Puss and her 'prentice both at drawgloves play, II. 75.
Put off thy robe of purple, then go on, II. 249.
Put on thy holy filletings, and so, II. 106.
Put on your silks, and piece by piece, I. 22.

RAPINE has yet took nought from me, II. 219.
Rare are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show, I. 243.
Rare is the voice itself. but when we sing, II. 161.
Rare temples thou hast seen, I know, I. 111.
Reach with your whiter hands, to me, I. 232.
Read thou my lines, my Swetnaham; If there be, II. 158.
Readers, we entreat ye pray, II. 85.
Reproach we may the living, not the dead, II. 19.
Rise, household gods, and let us go, I. 138.
Roaring is nothing but a weeping part, II. 226.
Roses at first were white, I. 130.
Roses, you can never die, II. 154.

SABBATHS are threefold, as St Austine says, II 233.
Sadly I walk'd within the field, I. 88.
Sappho, I will choose to go, II. 83.
Science in God is known to be, II. 222.
Sea-born goddess, let me be, I. 174.
See and not see, and if thou chance t'espy, I. 37.
See how the poor do waiting stand, I. 175.
Seeing thee, Soame, I see a goodly man, I. 220.
See'st thou that cloud as silver clear, I. 174.
See'st thou that cloud that rides in state, II. 86.
See'st thou those diamonds which she wears, I. 163.
Shall I a daily beggar be, II. 138.
Shall I go to Love and tell, II. 90.
Shame checks our first attempts; but when 'tis prov'd, II. 200.
Shame is a bad attendant to a state, I. 227.

Shapcot! to thee the fairy state, I. 148.
She by the river sat, and sitting there, II. 63.
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so, II. 62.
Should I not put on blacks when each one here, II. 108.
Show me thy feet, show me thy legs, thy thighs, I. 193.
Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night, I. 203.
Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring, II. 149.
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall, II. 238.
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone, II. 238.
Sin leads the way, but as it goes it feels, II. 200.
Sin never slew a soul unless there went, II. 238.
Sin no existence; nature none it hath, II. 229.
Sin once reached up to God's eternal sphere, II. 207.
Since, for thy full deserts, with all the rest, I. 191.
Since shed or cottage I have none, II. 150.
Since to the country first I came, I. 228.
Sing me to death; for till thy voice be clear, I. 190.
Sinners confounded are a twofold way, II. 236.
Sitting alone, as one forsook, I. 60.
Smooth was the sea, and seem'd to call, II. 116.
So good luck came, and on my roof did light, I. 124.
So long it seem'd, as Mary's faith was small, II. 233.
So long you did not sing or touch your lute, I. 119.
So look the mornings when the sun, II. 85.
So looks Anthea, when in bed she lies, I. 39.
So smell those odours that do rise, I, 181.
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice, I. 25.
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles, I. 93.
Some ask'd me where the rubies grew, I. 28.
Some parts may perish, die thou canst not all, I. 252.
Some salve to every sore we may apply, II. 92.
Some would know, I. 12.
Sorrows divided amongst many, less, II. 48.
Sorrows our portion are: ere hence we go, II. 196.

Sound teeth has Lucy, pure as pearl, and small, II. 29.
Speak, did the blood of Abel cry, II. 235.
Spend, harmless shade, thy nightly hours, II. 110.
Spring with the lark, most comely bride, and meet, II. 16.
Stand by the magic of my powerful rhymes, II. 98.
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here, II. 63.
Stand with thy graces forth, brave man, and rise, I. 226.
Stately goddess, do thou please, I. 178.
Stay while ye will, or go, I. 102.
Still take advice; though counsels, when they fly, II. 146.
Still to our gains our chief respect is had, I. 175.
Store of courage to me grant, I. 189.
Stripes justly given yerk us with their fall, II. 148.
Studies themselves will languish and decay, II. 144.
Suffer thy legs but not thy tongue to walk, II. 172.
Suspicion, discontent, and strife, I. 58.
Sweet Amarillis, by a spring's, I. 55.
Sweet are my Julia's lips, and clean, II. 95.
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes, I. 74.
Sweet Bridget blush'd, and therewithal, I. 255.
Sweet country life, to such unknown, II. 33.
Sweet Œnone, do but say, II. 81.
Sweet virgin, that I do not set, I. 182.
Sweet western wind, whose luck it is, I. 128.

TAKE mine advice, and go not near, II. 98.
Tears most prevail; with tears, too, thou mayst move, II. 107.
Tears quickly dry, griefs will in time decay, II. 115.
Tears, though they're here below the sinner's brine, II. 29.
Tell if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come, I. 196.

Tell me, rich man, for what intent, II. 244.
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits, II. 101.
Tell me, young man, or did the muses bring, II. 122.
Tell that brave man, fain thou wouldst have access, II. 125.
Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue, II. 207.
Temptations hurt not, though they have access II. 196.
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite, II. 181
Th' art hence removing (like a shepherd's tent), I. 235.
Th' 'ast dar'd too far; but, fury, now forbear, I. 100.
That Christ did die, the pagan saith, II. 245.
That flow of gallants which approach, II. 47
That for seven lustefs I did never come, I. 31
That happiness does still the longest thrive, II 81.
That hour-glass which there you see, I. 52.
That little, pretty, bleeding part, II. 219.
That love last long, let it thy first care be, I. 232.
That love 'twixt men does ever longest last, II 157.
That manna, which God on His people cast, II. 224.
That morn which saw me made a bride, I. 136.
That prince must govern with a gentle hand, II. 153.
That prince takes soon enough the victor's room, I. 136.
That prince who may do nothing but what's just, II. 162.
That princes may possess a surer seat, I. 203.
That there's a God we all do know, II 243.
The bad among the good are here mixed ever, II. 229.
The blood of Abel was a thing, II. 235.
The body is the soul's poor house or home, II. 98.
The body's salt, the soul is; which when gone, II. 162.
The bound almost now of my book I see, II. 140.
The doctors in the Talmud, say, II. 235.
The factions of the great ones call, II. 101.
The fire of hell this strange condition hath, II. 235.
The gods require the thighs, II. 60.

The gods to kings the jud'gment give to sway, I. 136.
The hag is astride, II. 27.
The Jews their beds and offices of ease, II. 233.
The Jews, when they built houses, I have read, II. 230.
The less our sorrows here and suff'rings cease, II. 214.
The lictors bundled up their rods; beside, II. 113.
The longer thread of life we spin, II. 224.
The May-pole is up, II. 46.
The mellow touch of music most doth wound, I. 12.
The mountains of the Scriptures are, some say, II. 226.
The only comfort of my life, II. 149.
The person crowns the place; your lot doth fall, II. 128.
The power of princes rest in the consent, II. 155.
The readiness of doing doth express, II. 92.
The repetition of the name made known, II. 229.
The rose was sick, and smiling died, II. 44.
The saints-bell calls, and, Julia, I must read, II. 7.
The same who crowns the conquerer, will be, II. 227.
The seeds of treason choke up as they spring, I. 9.
The shame of man's face is no more, II. 228.
The strength of baptism that's within, II. 247.
The sup'rabundance of my store, II. 220.
The tears of saints more sweet by far, II. 224.
The time the bridegroom stays from hence, II. 225.
The twilight is no other thing, we say, II. 148.
The Virgin Mary was, as I have read, II. 232.
The Virgin Mother stood at a distance, there, II. 230.
The work is done, now let my laurel be, II. 249.
The work is done: young men and maidens, set, II. 164.
Then did I live when I did see, II. 140.
There is no evil that we do commit, II. 233.
There's no constraint to do amiss, II. 239.
These fresh beauties (we can prove), I. 16.
These springs were maidens once that lov'd, I. 225.
These summer-birds did with thy master stay, I. 189.

These temporal goods God, the most wise, commends, II. 234.
Things are uncertain, and the more we get, II. 144.
This axiom I have often heard, II. 39.
This crosstree here, II. 253.
This day is yours, great Charles! and in this war, II. 87.
This day, my Julia, thou must make, II. 83.
This I'll tell ye by the way, II. 152.
This is my comfort when she's most unkind, II. 151.
This is the height of justice: that to do, II. 14.
This rule of manners I will teach my guests, II. 137.
This stone can tell the story of my life, II. 128.
Those ends in war the best contentment bring, II. 144.
Those garments lasting evermore, II. 242.
Those ills that mortal men endure, I. 192.
Those possessions short-liv'd are, II. 50.
Those saints which God loves best, II. 175.
Those tapers which we set upon the grave, II. 230.
Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never, I. 122.
Thou art to all lost love the best, I. 132.
Thou bid'st me come away, II. 186.
Thou bid'st me come; I cannot come; for why? II. 186.
Thou cam'st to cure me, doctor, of my cold, I. 121.
Thou gav'st me leave to kiss, I. 178.
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the tree, I. 188.
Thou hast made many houses for the dead, II. 95.
Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be, II. 179.
Thou knowest, my Julia, that it is thy turn, I. 247.
Thou mighty lord and master of the lyre, II. 100.
Thou sail'st with others in this Argus here, I. 26.
Thou say'st I'm dull; if edgeless so I be, II. 157.
Thou sayest Love's dart, II. 90.
Thou say'st my lines are hard, I. 173.
Thou say'st thou lov'st me, Sappho; I say no, II. 98.
Thou see'st me, Lucia, this year droop, II. 126.

Thou sent'st to me a true love-knot, but I, I. 217.
Thou shalt not all die; for while love's fire shines, I. 179
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway, II. 100.
Thou who wilt not love, do this, I. 93.
Though a wise man all pressures can sustain, I. 72.
Though by well warding many blows we've pass'd, II. 45.
Though clock, II. 55.
Though frankincense the deities require, II. 117.
Though from without no foes at all we fear, II. 114.
Though good things answer many good intents, I. 137.
Though hourly comforts from the gods we see, I. 137.
Though I cannot give thee fires, I. 161.
Though long it be, years may repay the debt, II. 31.
Though thou be'st all that active love, II. 245.
Thousands each day pass by, which we, II. 39.
Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin, II. 172.
Three lovely sisters working were, I. 20.
Thrice, and above, bless'd, my soul's half, art thou, I. 40.
Thrice happy roses, so much grac'd to have, II. 60.
Through all the night, II. 187.
Thus I, I. 222.
Thy azure robe I did behold, I. 80.
Thy former coming was to cure, II. 248.
Thy sooty godhead, I desire, II. 14.
Till I shall come again let this suffice, I. 183.
Time is the bound of things where e'er we go, II. 71.
Time was upon, II. 178.
'Tis a known principle in war, I. 147.
'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings, II. 115.
'Tis evening, my sweet, I. 245.
'Tis hard to find God, but to comprehend, II. 171.
'Tis heresy in others: in your face, I. 225.
'Tis liberty to serve one lord; but he, II. 103.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean, II. 147
'Tis never, or but seldom known, II. 80.
'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall, II. 147.
'Tis not a thousand bullocks' thighs, I. 24.
'Tis not the food, but the content, I. 154.
'Tis not every day that I, II. 51.
'Tis not greatness they require, I. 24.
'Tis not the food but the content, I. 154.
'Tis not the walls or purple that defends, II. 53.
'Tis said as Cupid danc'd among, II. 49.
'Tis still observ'd that fame ne'er sings, II. 55.
'Tis still observ'd those men most valiant are, II. 134.
'Tis the chyrurgeon's praise and height of art, II. 84.
'Tis worse than barbarous cruelty to show, I. 251.
To a love feast we both invited are, II. 191.
To all our wounds here, whatsoe'er they be, II. 238.
To an old sore a long cure must go on, II. 138.
To bread and water none is poor, I. 38.
To conquered men, some comfort 'tis to fall, I. 60.
To fetch me wine my Lucia went, I. 234.
To find that tree of life whose fruits did feed, I. 74.
To gather flowers Sappha went, II. 62.
To get thine ends lay bashfulness aside, I. 7.
To him who longs unto his Christ to go, II. 222.
To his book's end this last line he'd have placed, II. 165.
To house the hag, you must do this, II. 104.
To join with them who here confer, II. 255.
To me my Julia lately sent, I. 14.
To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise, I. 127.
To mortal men great loads allotted be, II. 51.
To my revenge, and to her desperate fears, I. 107.
To print our poems, the propulsive cause, I. 211.
To read my book the virgin shy, I. 5.
To safeguard man from wrongs, there nothing must, I. 81.

To seek of God more than we well can find, II. 192.
To sup with thee thou did'st me home invite, II. 78.
To this white temple of my heroes, here, I. 232.
To work a wonder, God would have her shown, II. 231.
Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear, II. 94.
Trap of a player turn'd a priest now is, II. 155.
Tread, sirs, as lightly as you can, II. 28.
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin, II. 172.
True rev'rence is, as Cassiodore doth prove, II. 224.
True to yourself and sheets, you'll have me swear, I 171.
Trust me, ladies, I will do, I. 222.
Truth, by her own simplicity is known, II. 160.
Truth is best found out by the time and eyes, II. 108.
Tumble me down, and I will sit, II. 41.
'Twas but a single rose, I. 61.
'Twas Cæsar's saying: kings no less conquerors are, II. 88.
'Twas not love's dart, I. 201.
Twice has Pudica been a bride, and led, I. 225.
Twilight, no other thing is, poets say, II. 96.
'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds, I. 12.
'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known, II. 96.
'Twixt truth and error there's this difference known, II. 144.
Two instruments belong unto our God, II. 244.
Two of a thousand things are disallow'd, I. 10.
Two parts of us successively command, I. 171.
Two things do make society to stand, II. 93.

UNDER a lawn, than skies more clear, I. 29.
Upon her cheeks she wept, and from those showers, I. 256.
Ursley, she thinks those velvet patches grace, I. 248.

VIRGINS promis'd when I died, I. 52.
Virgins, time past, known were these, I. 77.

WANT is a softer wax, that takes thereon, II. 108.
Wantons we are, and though our words be such, II. 19.
Wanton wenches do not bring, II. 160.
Wash clean the vessel, lest ye sour, II. 149.
Wash your hands, or else the fire, II. 80.
Wassail the trees, that they may bear, II. 80.
Water, water I desire, I. 23.
Water, water I espy, I. 75.
We are co-heirs with Christ; nor shall His own, II. 246.
We blame, nay we despise her pains, II. 98.
We credit most our sight; one eye doth please, II. 108.
We merit all we suffer, and by far, II. 243.
We pray 'gainst war, yet we enjoy no peace, II. 81.
We trust not to the multitude in war, II. 112.
We two are last in hell; what may we fear, I. 38.
Weep for the dead, for they have lost this light, II. 121.
Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find, II. 170.
Welcome! but yet no entrance, till we bless, I. 155.
Welcome, great Cæsar, welcome now you are, II. 123.
Welcome, maids-of-honour, I. 101.
Welcome, most welcome to our vows and us, I. 28.
Welcome to this my college, and though late, II. 129.
Well may my book come forth like public day, *Dedication.*
Were I to give the baptism, I would choose, I. 32.
What can I do in poetry, I. 164.
What! can my Kellam drink his sack, II. 112.
What, conscience, say, is it in thee, I. 210.
What fate decreed, time now has made us see, II. 66.
What God gives, and what we take, II. 202.
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit, II. 200.
What I fancy I approve, I. 11.

What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve, II. 18.
What is't that wastes a prince? example shows, II. 162.
What need we marry women, when, II. 120.
What needs complaints, II. 141.
What now we like, anon we disapprove, I. 240.
What offspring other men have got, II. 42.
What others have with cheapness seen and ease, II. 161.
What sweeter music can we bring, II. 202.
What though my harp and viol be, II. 199.
What though the heaven be lowering now, I. 236.
What though the sea be calm? Trust to the shore, I. 104.
What times of sweetness this fair day foreshows, I. 52.
What was't that fell but now, I. 90.
What will ye, my poor orphans, do, II. 19.
What wisdom, learning, wit or wrath, I. 57.
What's got by justice is established sure, II. 141.
What's that we see from far? the spring of day, I. 139.
Whatever come's, let's be content withal, II. 187.
Whatever men for loyalty pretend, II. 163.
Whatsoever thing I see, II. 65.
When a daffodil I see, I. 45.
When a man's faith is frozen up, as dead, II. 196.
When after many lusters thou shalt be, II. 36.
When age or chance has made me blind, I. 38.
When all birds else do of their music fail, II. 57.
When as in silks my Julia goes, II. 77.
When as Leander young was drown'd, I. 49.
When Chub brings in his harvest, still he cries, II. 157.
When fear admits no hope of safety, then, II. 163.
When first I find those numbers thou dost write, II. 125.
When flowing garments I behold, II. 138.
When I a ship see on the seas, II. 214.
When I a verse shall make, II. 11.

When I behold a forest spread, I. 254.
When I behold Thee, almost slain, II. 252.
When I consider, dearest, thou dost stay, I. 243.
When I departed am, ring thou my knell, I. 138.
When I did go from thee, I felt that smart, I. 50.
When I go hence, ye closet-gods, I fear, II. 30.
When I love (as some have told), II. 1.
When I of Villars do but hear the name, I. 172.
When I shall sin, pardon my trespass here, II. 206.
When I through all thy many poems look, I. 117.
When I thy parts run o'er, I can't espy, I. 9.
When I thy singing next shall hear, I. 25.
When Julia blushes she does show, I. 150.
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while, I. 70.
When laws full powers have to sway, we see, II. 12.
When man is punished, he is plagued still, II. 211.
When my date's done, and my grey age must die, I. 47.
When my off'ring next I make, I. 197.
When one is past, another care we have, I. 20.
When once the sin has fully acted been, II. 178.
When once the soul has lost her way, II. 243.
When out of bed my love doth spring, I. 193.
When some shall say, Fair once my Silvia was, I. 24.
When that day comes, whose evening says I'm gone, I. 15.
When thou dost play and sweetly sing, I. 178.
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read, II. 251.
When times are troubled, then forbear; but speak, II. 155.
When to a house I come and see, II. 136.
When to thy porch I come, and ravish'd see, II. 154.
When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more, II. 213.
When well we speak and nothing do that's good, II. 247.
When what s lov'd is present, love doth spring, I. 13.

When winds and seas do rage, II. 215.
When with the virgin morning thou dost rise, I. 159.
When words we want, Love teacheth to indite, II. 92.
Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befalls, II. 86.
Whene'er my heart love's warmth but entertains, I. 47.
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears, II. 191.
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire, II. 100.
Where others love and praise my verses, still, I. 80.
Where pleasures rule a kingdom, never there, II. 157.
Whether I was myself, or else did see, II. 156.
While Fates permit us let's be merry, I. 215.
While leanest beasts in pastures feed, I. 93.
While, Lydia, I was loved of thee, I. 85.
While the milder fates consent, I. 46.
While thou didst keep thy candour undefil'd, I. 5.
White as Zenobia's teeth, the which the girls, II. 62.
White though ye be, yet, lilies, know, I. 89.
Whither dost thou whorry me, I. 197.
Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam? I. 4.
Whither? say, whither shall I fly, I. 48.
Who after his transgression doth repent, II. 84.
Who begs to die for fear of human need, II. 95.
Who forms a godhead out of gold or stone, I. 147.
Who may do most, does least; the bravest will, II. 150.
Who plants an olive but to eat the oil? II. 151.
Who, railing, drives the lazar from his door, II. 46.
Who read'st this book that I have writ, II. 32.
Who violates the customs, hurts the health, II. 147.
Who will not honour noble numbers when, II. 81.
Who with a little cannot be content, II. 12.
Whom should I fear to write to if I can, I. 77.
Whose head befringed with bescattered tresses, II. 257.
Why do not all fresh maids appear, I. 128.
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears, I. 129.
Why dost thou wound and break my heart, II. 158.

Why I tie about thy wrist, I. 159.
Why, madam, will ye longer weep, I. 237.
Why should we covet much, when as we know, II. 134.
Why so slowly do you move, II. 93.
Why this flower is now call'd so, I. 16.
Why wore th' Egyptians jewels in the ear? II. 178.
Will ye hear what I can say, I. 173.
Wilt thou my true friend be? II. 2.
With blameless carriage, I lived here, I. 48.
With golden censors and with incense here, II. 208.
Woe, woe to them, who by a ball of strife, I. 29.
Women, although they ne'er so goodly make it, II. 41.
Words beget anger; anger brings forth blows, II. 107.
Would I see lawn, clear as the heaven and thin? I. 197.
Would I woo, and would I win, II. 106.
Would ye have fresh cheese and cream? I. 229.
Would ye oil of blossoms get? II. 54.
Wrinkles no more are or no less, I. 179.
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time, II. 75.

Ye have been fresh and green, I. 136.
Ye may simper, blush, and smile, I. 89.
Ye pretty housewives, would ye know, I. 204.
Ye silent shades, whose each tree here, I. 211.
You are a lord, an earl; nay more, a man, I. 215.
You are a tulip seen to-day, I. 108.
You ask me what I do, and how I live, II. 138.
You have beheld a smiling rose, I. 90.
You may vow I'll not forget, II. 268.
You say I love not 'cause I do not play, I. 16.
You say to me-wards your affection's strong, I. 61.
You say you're sweet; how should we know, I. 139.
You see this gentle stream that glides, II. 54.
Young I was, but now am old, I. 18.